THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1871.

Vol. LI. H. PETERSON & CO., No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872. TERMS {$3.00 a Year; or, $2.50 if paid in Advance. Single Number, 6 Cents.} No. 38.

SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MABEL PERCY.

Spring has come forth from her snowy bed;
The flowers that crowned her last year are dead;
But she says to the sunshine come weave me more,
Fair and delicate, bright as of yore.

The earth and the sky and the air are glad,
Naught but the bare cold trees are sad,
But Spring gayly whispers, "I am now your queen,
And I'll give you a robe of tender green."

She speaks to the wind with joyous words,
"Go over the seas and summon my birds,
With stern, old Winter they would not stay,
But for me," (and she smiles,) "they will sing all day."

And the birds fly home, and the flowers bloom,
And the valleys smile, and the green hills loom,
For in kirtle green their lovely queen,
With gracious mein once more is seen.

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.

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PART FIRST.

CHAPTER XV.

Oh! a soldier's life for me,
With its strife and its jollity—
A banquet to-night,
To-morrow a fight,
And the shouts of victory.

The Philadelphia of the olden time was never more gay and festive than during the winter and spring of the British occupation. Whether because it was useless to undertake great movements in the field, on account of the severe cold of the winter and the deep mud of the spring, or owing to the natural love of ease and pleasure of the British commander, his officers had full time and liberty allowed them to amuse themselves in all those ways which come natural to the youthful and pleasure-seeking mind. Theatricals, balls and parties, with less innocent gaming, revelling, and other dissipations, were their constant occupations; and they went at them with the same amount of energy and spirit which they would have thrown into a campaign. Although many ladies belonging to the prominent Whig families had left the city, a large number remained, and those among the wealthiest and most refined classes of society. Unless the traditions and testimonies that have come down to us are to be entirely disbelieved, these ladies constituted the most brilliant circle then in the country. They prided themselves not so much on their beauty—though, if we may credit the French officers, they were the most beautiful women in America—as on their sprightliness and their conversational ability. The ladies of New York, they alleged, had invariably to call in the aid of cards to entertain their visitors; but they depended upon more intellectual means of amusing and delighting their guests.

Thus in a constant round of amusement and gayety, the British officers passed their time, until it was announced, in the spring, that Sir William Howe was to be superseded by Sir Henry Clinton. It might be that this implied a reproof of their winter's idleness; but, whether it did or not, they loved their commander, they had had a glorious time, and they resolved to top off their sport with a display of the grandest and most appropriate character.

So they determined upon the Mischianza—a medley, as the Italian signifies—in honor of their departing Chief, and worthy of him, the ladies, and themselves.

Captain André and the Misses Graham had taken their full share in the season's festivities; and as he sat with them one pleasant evening in May, explaining the completeness and beauty of the intended pageant, Isabella turned to him and inquired, in an amused voice:

"And which are you to be, André, a Knight of the Blended Rose, or of the Burning Mountain?"

"I have been chosen as a Knight of the Blended Rose," replied André, with assumed dignity.

"And your brother, the Lieutenant?"

"Oh, he is to be my Squire."

"And your lady?"

"That is just what I am here to ask," said he, turning to Helen.

"What are your ladies to wear?" inquired Helen, archly.

Pemberton, who had just come in, and stood listening, laughed outright.

"Isn't that a woman all over. 'Will you marry me?' said the gentleman. 'What kind of a wedding-dress can I wear?' said the lady. 'I will not be married at all, if the color does not suit my complexion.'"

"A very sensible woman, I think," commented Helen. "My case, exactly. What are your ladies to wear, Captain André?"

"I'll read it to you—it's all set down," said André, pulling a paper from his pocket—

"'THE LADIES OF THE BLENDED ROSE.

"'A Polonaise, or flowing robe of white silk, with a spangled pink sash, and spangled shoes and stockings; a veil spangled and trimmed with silver lace, and a towering head-dress of pearls and jewels.'"

"I hate spangles—they make one look like a circus-woman. I hate a towering head-dress—it makes my head ache. Get one of the Miss Shippens—that one who dosts on you."

"All engaged," replied André, smiling.

"You should have spoken sooner then. Well, there is pretty Miss Redman. She will have you as her knight, or all signs fail."

"Captain Horneck has secured her sweet ladyship."

"Well, there is Peggy Chew; have you tried her also?"

André laughed.

"You know, Miss Helen, that I have not tried, as you call it, anybody. In fact, such was my presumption, that I confidently counted upon you."

"You were very presumptous indeed. Spangles—and a towering head-dress! No, no, I shall not make a barbarian of myself—even if the Mischianza has to be given up."

"That is foolish, Helen," interposed Isabella; "what serious objection can you possibly have to that costume? I think it will be very pretty. Do you know what the rival ladies are to wear, André?"

"The same, I believe—except that their white Polonaises are to be bound with black, and their sashes are to be black instead of pink."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Helen, "I would not be one of their Knights for the world."

"Well, what am I to do?" said André, ruefully.

"Equip yourself as the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, and go without a dame," replied Isabella, laughing.

"And, Helen, you are in earnest—you do not really wish to be one of the Queens of the Fete?" said André, earnestly.

"I do not, John."

"Who then shall I choose?"

"The very prettiest girl you can find. I shall not be jealous," she added, in a whisper.

"You suggested Peggy Chew. Shall it be she?"

"Yes, a very pretty girl—and nice too. If she will accept."

"Of course," said André.

"Of course she will—and be glad of it," said Helen, confidently.

"Do not make Captain André any more conceited than he is," cried Isabella, sportively.

André smiled. "I did not ask you, Miss Isabella. You are jealous. Will not you be my beautiful queen of hearts?"

"Not at this late hour—after, how many refusals is it? No, I am engaged to go among the undistinguished crowd. We shall be there, and see how you conduct yourself, Knight of the Burning Rose."

"Awful!—Blended Rose—not Burning Rose. Burning Mountain!" exclaimed André, holding up both hands in affected dismay.

"Go and engage Peggy Chew at once—or she will be snapped up also by some other unfortunate Knight," said Helen.

"Why would you not serve as André's lady?" asked Isabella, after they had retired that evening.

"What! and set the whole town to talking? They talk enough about Captain André and myself as it is. Let him wait on Peggy Chew on such a great occasion as this, and it will close their lips for the next month or two."

"You are a very wise little girl, with all your wilfulness, sister mine," said Bella, kissing her, and folding her arms around her. "Sweet, how I love you!"

"Bella, my darling, my precious, I would die for you!" exclaimed Helen, returning her embrace. "These men are going different paths, and we must go with them—but they shall never part these hearts of ours, shall they, Bella, my beautiful, my queenly one?"

"Never, never, never, my beloved—my Peri, my Princess!" cried Bella, returning her passionate kisses and embraces. "Come what may come—their principles and duties and ambitions shall never separate these sister hearts of ours!"

And they lay down to sleep folded in each other's arms.

CHAPTER XVI.

Bright was the scene when to the music gay
Of tramp and cymbal swept the fleet away;
Down Delaware's proud breast the gorgeous show,
While cannon thundered, moved sublime and slow;
Flags flew, men shouted, and the ladies smiled,
And with gay sunbeams glad waves wantoned wild.

Oh for a pen made from a peacock's plume, whose green and golden glories might gleam before my eyes, and dazzle all my brain, the while I paint in too brief phrase the splendors of the Mischianza!

For the Mischianza was undoubtedly, and beyond all compare, the finest and most artistic entertainment in the way of a festivity, which ever delighted the eyes of beautiful women and brave men in this prosaic American world.

Philadelphia has had, Boston and New York and Baltimore and all our sister cities have had entertainments, in which it was sought to embody praise and honor of distinguished men—great generals, great statesmen, great artists. But what have they all amounted to?—a feed; or, at best, a feed and a dance; at which wretched and vulgar taste competed with wretched and vulgar ostentation and profusion for the mastery. But the Mischianza was the conception of a nobly gifted and cultivated soul—one not too old to lament that the days of chivalry were passed, and which was filled with the high-bred refinement of a true cavalier. And in all its principal features was seen the glowing, sportive mind, as in the chief adornments was seen the ready, artistic hand of John André.

It is not our intention to fatigue our readers with a full length description of this pageant. That work is already done. But we cannot well avoid a few brief words of outline.

THE TOURNAMENT IN THE MISCHIANZA.
[From Watson's Annals.]

The Mischianza commenced with a regatta. The British fleet lay in a long line the whole length of the city, decked with gay flags, while the vessels of war thundered at appropriate occasions. The regatta was composed of three galleys, and thirty large flat boats, the latter covered with green cloth, and filled with the ladies and gentlemen of the city, the invited guests. The galleys were reserved for the principal Generals and their suites, accompanied by the most distinguished ladies.

Starting about four in the afternoon from the northern end of the city, the regatta floated slowly down, the rowers keeping time to the music, until it reached the southern limit, just below the Old Fort. The houses along the river, the wharves, and the line of transports in the stream, were crowded with admiring spectators.

Arrived at the Old Fort, opposite the then handsome Wharton mansion, the gay company landed, and forming themselves intom procession, marched up through lines of grenadiers and horsemen, to the grassy square prepared for the tournament. Here were two triumphal arches, with pavilions; and under the pavilions ranges of rising seats. The company then took their places—the ladies of the Knights of the Blended Rose and of the Burning Mountain occupying the front seats in each pavilion.

To the sound of distant trumpets rode in two bands of Knights—one dressed in ancient habits of white and red silk, on gray horses; the other in black and orange, their horses jet black. The first were the White Knights of the Blended Rose; the others the Black Knights of the Burning Mountain.

The customary challenges interchanged,—the subject of dispute being the superior "wit, beauty and accomplishments" of their respective bands of ladies,—the Knights, riding around the lists, made their obeisance to their Dames. Then, after receiving their shields and lances from their respective Squires, they encountered in full career their line of adversaries, and shivered their spears. In a second and third encounter, they discharged their pistols; and, in a fourth, fought with their clashing swords. At length, the two chiefs,—Lord Cathcart and Captain Watson of the Guards,—spurring forward in the centre, engaged furiously in single combat—until the Marshal of the Field, rushing between them in the name of the Ladies, declared that the Fair Damsels of both bands were perfectly satisfied with these proofs of the devotion of their respective Knights, and commanded them to desist from further combat.

Then the Knights dismounted, and, with their respective Ladies by their sides, headed the procession of the whole company, as it passed under the triumphal arches, between lines of troops, brilliant with gay colors and streaming flags, into the garden of the Mansion. Thence, ascending a flight of steps, they came into a spacious hall, with its panels painted in imitation of Sienna marble. Here they were served with refreshments.

From this apartment, after a little while, they passed up to a ball-room, with four drawing-rooms, and all painted in pale blue and rose-pink. Eighty-five mirrors and a large number of wax-lights here lent enchantment to the scene.

The dances—the stately minuet and the cheerful contra-dance, for the quadrille and waltz had not yet come in—continued until ten o'clock, when the doors and windows were thrown open, and a magnificent display of fireworks diversified the entertainment—bouquets of rockets, bursting balloons, Chinese fountains, arches illuminated with rainbow-colored flames, and Fame, spangled with stars, and blowing from her trumpet the words of light, *Tes Lauriers sont Immortels.*

At twelve, large folding doors, hitherto artfully concealed, were suddenly flung wide, and a magnificent saloon, two hundred feet long, and twenty in height, and adorned with fifty large pier-glasses, disclosed to view. A burst of surprise and admiration broke forth from the assembled guests. All was so new, so fresh and artistic—nothing old and stale and commonplace. Here were the supper-tables, lighted by innumerable wax lights and lustres, and laden with all the delicacies that could be procured. Twenty-four black slaves, in Oriental dresses, with silver collars and bracelets, ranged in two lines, stood with bowed heads as General Howe and his brother, the Admiral, led the brilliant company into the saloon.

Supper over, the guests began to depart; though the dancing was kept up until four o'clock in the morning.

Naught occurred to interrupt the festivities. An attack planned by Captain McLane upon the British line of defences, and which was answered by alarm guns from river to river, was represented by the officers to be only a portion of the evening's entertainment. And so the dance went joyfully on. It was a fete of fetes. And though some may censure the spirit that can thus indulge in gayety and festivity in the midst of war, it must be remembered that the indulgence of strong feeling in any one direction, naturally induces a corresponding indulgence after a time in the direction immediately opposite. It is the effort of nature to maintain the healthy balance and equilibrium of the mind—in other words, to preserve its sanity. This is one great good of amusements and festivities in the usual times of peace, and much less can they be dispensed with in war—unless you mean to allow the necessary and perhaps righteous indignation against the enemy, to sink into a bitter rancour, which shall find vent in acts of unnecessary cruelty and vindictiveness, unworthy of a Christian people, in any cause however just, and towards any foe however barbarous.

CHAPTER XVII.

He was enamored. Ere he touched her hand,
His senses reeled within him, as when first
Columbus, gazing, sighted a new world.
She was his Indies, his America,
His missing continent, for want of which
His sphere imperfect was, and lacked the sense
Of fullness and completeness.

We need hardly say that both the Misses Graham were delighted participants in the festivities of the Mischianza. Pemberton escorted them. Devoted Whig as he was, he prided himself upon being neither a fanatic nor a bigot. He could oppose the success of the British arms with all his might, and yet not have an unkind feeling personally towards a single British officer. So far as he knew them to be, like Colonel Musgrave, André, and many others, noble and generous men—just as sincere in their political views as he was in his—he admired and respected them.

As to Sir William Howe, had it not been for his keeping Major Cunningham in his position of Provost, he would have thought very highly of him. By his own officers and men, he was evidently sincerely beloved, and this was greatly in his favor. Pemberton also was sorry to hear of his removal as Commander-in-Chief. He felt a little as Hamilton afterwards did, when Washington communicated to him a plan to capture Sir Henry Clinton. "I am opposed to it," said Hamilton. "We know exactly what Sir Henry is, and what he will be likely to do. We might easily have a worse man—for us—in his place." And the plan was given up.

Sir William's inactivity through the winter certainly was not calculated to make any far-seeing friend of the Colonial cause anxious to have another and, it might be, more active man, put in his place. The new broom might sweep cleaner.

So Pemberton attended the Mischianza, and enjoyed it as much as a person with his artistic perceptions and love of the beautiful would naturally do. Such a sight, enlivened by such crowds of gayly-dressed officers and beautiful women, surely never had been seen in America.

André was engaged the greater part of the time with his chosen lady for the occasion, Miss Chew; and the two soon became the centre of a gay and brilliant circle. The Misses Graham and Pemberton were not of the number however—for Helen seemed determined that evening to let people see that there was nothing between the Captain and herself. She was one of those that hated the shrugs and whispers of a gossiping crowd. It did not suit to have the betrothal declared openly—so she preferred that it should not be surmised.

The three had strolled out upon the lawn to see the fireworks, and as these concluded in a blaze of starry rockets, Helen wandered off alone a little way to one side, into a summer-house, and sat down, gazing back upon the fairy scene.

"Good evening, Miss Helen," said a manly voice; and turning, she saw a gentleman who evidently had come up from the opposite direction. "I thought I should never have an opportunity of speaking to you."

He was apparently rather an elderly man, dressed in a handsome brown suit, and there was something familiar in the tones of his voice, and the glance of his eye. But that light, long hair—certainly she did not know him.

"You have the advantage of me, sir. I am not able to recollect you," said Helen, slightly embarrassed.

"I should know you, anywhere, in any masquerade," replied the stranger, in a low but impressive voice.

Helen's heart throbbed tumultously. Could it be possible? She bent her eyes earnestly upon the face of the speaker, lit up by the light which shone even at that distance from the ball-room.

"Philip Morris! It cannot be you!" she said in a whisper.

"Yes, but it is. We have no such fun as this at Valley Forge, I can assure you. It is worth coming to see. I never thought to see Fairy land come down in this fashion on old Philadelphia."

"But the risk—the awful risk!"

"Not much more than a battle. "Besides," continued he in a passionate tone, "I have not set my eyes on you since that evening I tossed you the rose in Pemberton's porch—nearly six months now. I would rather die than never see you!"

"This is madness!" exclaimed Helen. "You are a rebel, I am an English soldier's daughter, and true to the red cross as steel."

"I care not. I love you!"

"I can never love you!"

"Why?"

"You have no right to ask me. It is sufficient to say that I cannot return your love."

"Then I do not care much what becomes of me—after this night. They are going in to supper, I see. May I wait on you for this one night? Captain André, I perceive, is devoted elsewhere."

"You are insane. They will certainly discover you."

"Not for an hour or two. And I care not now what becomes of me. I wish I had half a dozen of our men here, and I'd carry off old Howe right from the midst of his adoring red-coats."

"Such a threat is as treasonable for me to hear as for you to utter. Do you not know that if I did my duty, I should immediately summon assistance and have you arrested?"

"Do so. Next to living by you, it would be sweet to die by you. Chatelard never went to the grave, dug by the hands of the Queen he madly worshipped, more willingly than I should go to one dug by you."

"Mr. Morris, you will drive me to frenzy. You say you love me—"

"Madly—devotedly!"

"Then how can you give me such keen pain? You must know that I should never forgive myself, if your life were the cost of this reckless passion. You say you love me, why then do you not do as I wish?"

"What is your wish?"

"That you should leave this place, and this city, immediately, and by the way you came."

"I cannot leave the city to-night. Do you not hear the pother that McLane has stirred up?—he has set fire to about a mile of the British abattis."

"We were told the cannonade was but a part of the programme."

"Pretty good for the managers of the fete. McLane will not like that. He thought to break up the whole affair. But you see I have more courtesy, and, even though uninvited, stepped in to enjoy the party."

"Please now go! Stay: wait a moment. Here comes Mr. Pemberton. Heavens—I fear it is Major Tarleton."

"I was sent by Mr. Pemberton to bring you in to supper, Miss Helen," said Major Tarleton, for he it was, beginning to speak before he reached the summer-house. "He told me you had strolled off by yourself for a few moments. Ah, beg pardon, I thought you were alone."

"Allow me to introduce you, gentlemen—Mr. Wharton, Major Tarleton"—the gentlemen bowed.

Tarleton cast a quick glance from his keen black eyes upon Philip's face. "I do not remember to have met you before, Mr. Wharton, and yet your face does not look altogether strange to me."

"Probably we have met at some of our mutual friends," replied Philip composedly. "I am almost certain also that I have met you," he added, with a touch of that reckless humor which not even the greatest peril could entirely restrain.

"And your voice, too, sounds familiar," rejoined Tarleton. "I pride myself on never forgetting a face or a voice, Miss Helen."

"And yet you will have to own up that you fail this time," replied Morris, laughing.

"Not yet. Give me half an hour to ransack my memory a little, and I warrant I tell you just when and where we met."

"I'll treat you to a bottle of wine if you do," replied Philip.

During this discussion, Helen could almost have fainted, if fainting would have done any good, and she had been of the fainting kind. To hear Morris thus coolly joking upon a point which involved his life, was as if she were seeing him play with the trigger of a pistol whose muzzle was against his forehead. It almost sickened her. Recovering herself, she said—

"Perhaps, Major Tarleton, you had better tell my sister that I am all safe, and that we will be there in a few minutes. Thanks for your kindness in coming to seek me."

This was too broad a hint for Tarleton to delay a moment. But as he turned, he shot another sharp glance at Morris from beneath his bushy eyebrows, and then a quick gleam of intelligence passed across his dark, swarthy face, not unnoticed by Helen.

"Tarleton suspects you. I saw it in his face. You must not stay in this place a minute longer. Go!"

"Give me a flower out of your bouquet?"

"Here is a cluster of violets. I beg of you to go!"

"Violets! Give me that spring rose out of your bosom. That I can live on awhile."

Helen tore the rose from its fastenings. "Here. Go!"

He took the rose, first covering the hand which extended it with kisses. "Farewell, most fascinating and glorious of women! You are in yourself more splendid than the Mischianza to me."

As he left the back-door of [the summer-house, Helen sank down upon the bench from which she had risen in her excitement. "I must not go in yet; every minute is a gain," thought she. "Cruel, cruel boy, to tear my heart so, and call it love! Poor fellow, I wish he did not love me. If this comes from saving a man's life, I am sure I'll never try to do it again. I wonder what André would say, could he have seen that stormy shower of kisses? Just as well he did not though. Though John is not easily jealous. And he knows I love him as foolishly and wildly as—as Philip Morris loves me."

After waiting some minutes longer, Helen walked to the house.

The first person she met was Major Tarleton. "Where is Mr. Wharton?" he said, with a suspicious look in his eyes, and making an almost involuntary step towards the door.

"Oh, I left him outside. Major, if you will give me your arm, and conduct me to my sister, I shall be greatly obliged to you. I shall never reach her by myself in this crowd."

Tarleton was mollified. He had the greatest admiration for Helen, not only because she was a belle, and admired by other men, but because her often gay and dashing spirit embodied his very highest ideal of what was beautiful and charming in a woman. Still he did not altogether forget his suspicions, saying as they made their way through the rooms:—

"I know, Miss Helen, who that Mr. Wharton reminded me of—an old Quaker preacher from the country, whom I once met at Mr. Pemberton's."

"Probably his father—or grandfather," said Helen. "Bella, has not Mr. Richard Wharton a father, or grandfather, who is a Quaker preacher, and lives out at a place they call Gwynedd?"

"Yes," replied Bella. But she could not say, for she did not know, that the Mr. Richard Wharton she had in her mind was a very different person from the gentleman of whom Major Tarleton was thinking. In fact, when Helen had been compelled to improvise a name so quickly for Lieutenant Morris, she had used that of this Mr. Wharton, because he certainly did look something like the disguised officer, inasmuch as he also had long sandy hair.

"A little too suspicious again," thought Tarleton to himself. "I really had a notion of looking into that Wharton's identity. I suppose he is off in one of the drinking rooms."

"What kept you so long, Helen?" questioned Isabella.

"Oh, that Mr. Wharton dropped down upon me—Mr. Richard Wharton is old enough to be my father, Major—and we had a long talk about this, that and the other."

"I declare, Helen, if you are not the strangest girl. I should not have thought you would care to talk five minutes with Mr. Wharton."

Helen laughed. It was one of her most peculiar charms—a ringing, silvery laugh—which made people always stop their conversation to listen. About once in your lifetime, if you are fortunate, you meet a woman with that silvery, musical laughter. It is a gift—and certainly one of the very rarest.

Helen laughed. "I know it, Sis. I am a strange girl. I astonish myself sometimes. Even Major Tarleton was astonished to-night, as he came up and found me conversing with Mr. Wharton. How blank you looked, Major. You evidently thought you were interrupting a tête-à-tête, a love affair—and with Mr. Wharton!" and Helen laughed again, as if it were the most ridiculous idea in the world.

Helen would soon have lost that silvery laugh, had she often used it thus in insincerity, and as a blind. But certainly she was in no small degree justified in doing it on this occasion. She was afraid that Major Tarleton might talk—speak of her interview with Mr. Wharton as a concealed and mysterious thing—and so she chose to make no secret of it, and place the whole affair in a ridiculous light.

When Helen got a chance in the pauses of

the dance, an hour or so afterwards, she strolled again upon the lawn with Pemberton.

When well out of hearing of the crowd, she said:

"Arthur, do you know who that Mr. Wharton really was?"

"Why, Mr. Richard Wharton, of course. Though what a gentleman of his serious tastes is doing here, puzzles me, I confess."

"It was that rebel cousin of yours, Lieutenant Morris," said Helen in a whisper.

"I hope not—he would hardly do such a reckless thing. You are certainly mistaken Helen."

"I talked with him in that summer-house for at least fifteen minutes by the watch—though it seemed to me an age," replied Helen.

"Phil must be crazy. What could he have come here for?"

"He said to see the Mischianza—and me."

"The reckless, hot-headed fellow! He will do these daring, imprudent things some day once too often—and then perish ingloriously. He tries my patience beyond measure," returned Pemberton in a low but excited tone.

"I wish you would say to him, Arthur—you are his cousin and warm friend, you know—that the admiration he insists on forcing upon me, is not only entirely unreciprocated, but very annoying," said Helen with emotion.

"I have told him as much already; but Phil, though a splendid fellow, is obstinate in certain things beyond all description. He seems to me to have all the obstinacy of a whole generation of Morrises concentrated in his single person. Why don't you dash him with cold water yourself?—all women understand how to do that, and none more than you, Helen."

"I have done so—but it only makes him foolish and desperate. He is but a boy, you know."

"Yes, a mere boy—just about a year older than you, Helen," replied Pemberton, smiling.

"But I am a woman, and that makes a great deal of difference. I am sure I feel a great deal older. It is presumptuous in him even to think of me—in that light."

"I don't exactly see that, though. In five years he will be, say five years older—and you will be just what you are now, of course; for a lady never grows any older until she is married."

"It is too grave a subject to make a jest of, Arthur. You know my position with Captain André."

Pemberton had in him a vein of the same reckless humor that distinguished his cousin. "Suppose you ship André—he would not be so hard to get rid of," said he, in a serious tone.

Helen took her hand from his arm. "Of course you mean that as a joke, Arthur; but I beg of you, as you respect me, never to jest in that way again. I love John André—more than a thousand Philip Morrises—more than life itself." Helen's eyes shone and her voice trembled with the intensity of her emotion.

"There is no doubt that he will get safely off?" added she, after a pause, for Pemberton had made no reply.

"I think not. Our English friends like good eating, and to have good eating they must encourage the farmers around to come into the city. Phil, doubtless, came in driving a farmer's wagon, and will go out driving one. But take care you do not say anything of this to Captain André."

"Arthur!" There was a host of meanings conveyed in the mode this one word was uttered. It said mainly however—"How meanly you must think of me!"

"I would not betray Mr. Morris to save my life," she added, indignantly.

It was a little perverse in Pemberton, perhaps, but he replied—"And yet it was only yesterday that you justified the hanging of young Hale, and every other rebel spy."

"Oh, that was only a general assertion. If a spy were to flee into my dwelling for safety, I would conceal him if I could, though my own father or husband were on his track. You know I would."

"I believe you would, Helen," rejoined Pemberton; "you, or Isabella either. You are two dear, delightful, splendid, charmingly inconsistent women."

"Consistency! I hate the very name of it!" replied Helen. "I never made so many blunders in my life, as once when I tried, after hearing your famous Dr. Duché, to be consistent for a whole week. Since then, I always act as my heart dictates, and have no trouble, and am—"

"A very bewitching woman!" added Pemberton, interrupting her.

"Nonsense, Arthur—keep all those fine speeches for Bel. And here she comes, to learn what you mean by your long absence."

When Isabella came up with André, at Pemberton's suggestion they changed partners, for he well knew that André, who had scarcely spoken a word with Helen, was anxious to be with her for a little while before the evening closed.

As they strayed from the others, down a garden walk, André said—

"Have I not been good, Helen? I have talked and danced and flirted with a host of belles this evening—with the Miss Chews, and Miss Vining, and the Franks, and the Shippens, and that beautiful, just rising evening star, Miss Willing—and all the time longing to be at your side, my sweet. I think I deserve quite a reward for my self-control and self-sacrifice."

At this moment they were passing behind some tall evergreens, forming a perfect shelter from curious eyes. Helen stopped a moment, and turned up her face. "Kiss me, John."

"There, three kisses are enough—" continued she, blushing and walking on. "We will walk together here just five minutes longer. You have been very good, and stopped the mouths of all the old women—male and female—for at least a month. But you must not undo the good work."

"I do not care what the people say, Helen," exclaimed André impetuously. "Let them talk—what of it?"

"I hate to be talked about," replied Helen. "Come and see me to-morrow, if you can. Do you not think it was a sacrifice also to me, to have you talking and dancing with the very prettiest girls in Philadelphia—just as if I were nothing to you?"

"You know you are all the world to me," said André passionately.

"Am I, sweet?"

"Put all the world on one side, and you on the other, and I would abandon all for you."

"I would do more than that for you, John. People call me a willful, imperious girl. But if there is one of those glorious women who hovered around and petted you to-night, whom you should learn to love more than you love me, I would myself bind the orange blossoms around her brow, and deck her for your bridal. Even if I died the next day—even if I died the next day!"

"It would be just like your generous heart to do it," replied André, with emotion. "But you need not fear, sweet. At any moment this night, it needed but a glance of your eyes to call me to your side. I heard you laugh once—I could tell your laugh among a thousand—and I thought you were having a merry time of it."

"That Miss Willing is very beautiful."

"She is not half so beautiful as you are, my darling. But mere beauty of features is not everything. It is the charm, the fascination which flows from a brilliant intellect and noble soul. Sweet, you amuse me by this doleful strain. You do not seem to know that you have that charm of variety, which not one woman in a thousand possesses. Like the poet pictured the Queen of Egypt,

> 'Age cannot wither you, nor custom stale
> Your infinite variety.'"

"I hope so," said Helen. "I hope I have something to hold you by, John—for I will not hold you by mere force of honor, and it is death to poor me to lose you."

"I never saw you in this mood before, my many-colored opal. My wonder is that so rare a gem as you should be willing to rest upon so plain a bosom as mine. I know well you might have generals and colonels, instead of a simple captain, at your feet, my peerless!"

"You will be a general some day, and I shall help you win the honor," exclaimed Helen, proudly.

"Of course," said André, laughing. "Else I could hardly have a glorious funeral in Westminster Abbey, as that Creole witch predicted."

"Please never refer to that. It always makes me shudder," said Helen. "But indeed we are staying out here too long. And, after one more dance—this time with you, my splendid!—we must go home. Isabella was ready an hour ago."

CHAPTER XVIII.

> A stupid fellow this—and yet his blunders
> Are oft as good as wiser men's conceits.

One month after the brilliant scenes of the Mischianza, the British army left Philadelphia. Even at that time, the news was in the city that an Alliance, Offensive and Defensive, between France and the American States had been consummated, and that a French fleet and army were being made ready for action.

This altered materially the position of affairs. Military prudence at once dictated the union of the British forces, to enable them to make head against the combined French and American armies. Therefore it was determined that Philadelphia must be abandoned, and the British troops and fleets concentrated at New York.

The British Ministry also assumed a new front. Instead of the submit and be forgiven policy of General Howe, peace at any price, short of Colonial Independence, was offered by the British Commissioners, who had been especially appointed with the view of thus preventing the dismemberment of the Kingdom. The ground taken by André in the conversation with Pemberton which we have recorded, was the ground now of the Ministers and of Parliament. Pride must yield before the danger of the hour. The right of Taxation—everything, if need be—must be given up, in order to preserve the integrity of the British Empire, and to defeat what were considered the selfish and ambitious schemes of Britain's ancient enemy.

There were of course many sad partings when the evacuation took place—for it is useless to deny that the British officers had made themselves, on the whole, popular in Philadelphia. They had behaved, as a general thing, in a gentlemanly fashion. They had made business brisk in and around the city, by the easy spending of their money—not the Continental paper, which a man was afraid to keep in his pocket over night, lest it should fall fifty per cent. before morning, but the solid gold and silver of the realm. And, besides, many of the officers and men had formed those love-ties, which spurn so often the control of party and race and sect, and which are perhaps more effective than anything else, in holding the various discordant tribes of men in the bonds of a common brotherhood.

André had departed in the suite of General Grey—with many promises of writing and meeting as often as possible. Something was said by Helen of going to New York; but Isabella very naturally did not favor the change, and their guardian, Colonel Musgrave, did not approve of it. There might be, it was thought, an attack upon New York by the allied French and American forces, in which case it would be much better for his wards to be in Philadelphia. There were peculiar advantages also in their being with a lady like Mrs. Pemberton, who felt the affection of a mother for them. Therefore, after commending them to the care of Mrs. Pemberton, and promising to avail himself of every opportunity of corresponding, Colonel Musgrave took a tearful and affectionate parting, and departed with his regiment.

Formed in marching order at sunrise, on a bright morning in June, the British troops marched down below the city, where a large number of boats had been provided, and were rapidly ferried across the Delaware.

It was near ten o'clock, and all of the troops had departed, save a few outposts, which were being rapidly drawn in, when a British lieutenant, at the head of half-a-dozen men, sprang upon the porch of Mrs. Pemberton's mansion, and thundered at the door with the hilt of his sword.

Pemberton opened it in surprise. "What is the matter?" cried he, in amazement.

"You are an infamous traitor!" exclaimed the British officer, in a fury. "You thought we had left the city, did you? But there are enough of us here yet. Here, men, arrest this traitor!"

"What do you mean—are you crazy?" shouted Pemberton, springing back, and seizing an iron bar, designed for the door, which leaned up behind it, against the side of the entry.

At this moment Mrs. Pemberton and the young ladies came hastening out, alarmed at the violent voices. Pemberton stood with the bar raised, while the officer had drawn his sword, and the men with their bayonets presented, waited but a word to fall on him.

Pushing in front of her son, Mrs. Pemberton advanced with the air of a queen upon the officer. "What means this? How darest thou make this assault? My friend, General Howe, is not so far off but that he shall hear of this."

"And," exclaimed Isabella, who, with Helen, also had pushed to the front, by Mrs. Pemberton's side, "do you not know who you are insulting? You shall answer to Colonel Musgrave, our guardian, for this."

"What is your name, sir?" asked Helen, with indignant scorn. "Are you drunk, that you thus disgrace the uniform of a British officer?"

The officer had been in a fury, as he sprung upon the porch, but he cooled down now very suddenly. Confronted by three splendid women, whom he knew by common report to be on intimate terms with his superior officers, he did not feel so well assured of the justice of his position.

"I have always supposed, Mrs. Pemberton, that you were a loyal woman!" said he.

"And I am a loyal woman!" she replied indignantly. "How darest thou to call my loyalty in question?"

"Loyal people don't generally fly such flags as that you're flying," said the officer sarcastically.

"Why, what does the man mean, Arthur?" asked Isabella, glancing back at Pemberton.

"Indeed, I don't know," replied he. "I had no idea that any flag was flying. In fact I told Fox positively not to hoist our flag this morning."

"Well, if you will walk out into the street I think you will see that a flag is flying—and a d—d insulting one, too."

Here a soldier came up hastily, and whispered in the ear of his superior. "I don't care," replied he, "I am bound to see this out."

"Wait a moment," said Pemberton—and he went out into the garden behind the house, preferring that, for evident reasons, to the street. In a short time he came back—half indignant, half laughing—and informed the ladies of what he had seen. Foxey had bettered his instructions. Unknown to Pemberton he had procured somewhere a Continental naval flag, with its warning device of a RATTLESNAKE, and the motto, "DON'T TREAD ON ME," and thinking that the British were all gone, had spread its audacious folds to the breeze. This it was which had, not unnaturally, so deeply excited the anger of the Briton.

"Upon my honor, mother, I knew nothing of the raising of that flag—did not even know it was in the house," said Pemberton.

"It must have been that nigger," suggested one of the soldiers.

"D—n the nigger! He wouldn't have done it, if he had not thought it would please his master," replied the officer shrewdly.

Another soldier came running up. "The rebel troopers will be here in five minutes," cried he, all excitement. "It is just as much as you can do to get off safely."

"You may thank your stars and these ladies," cried the officer, shaking his fist menacingly at Pemberton, "that you don't hang where your feet wouldn't touch the ground, this afternoon."

Pemberton smiled. But Isabella answered haughtily: "And you may thank your stars if you are not dismissed the service before the month is out. Don't you attempt to answer me. Go!"

However the officer might have been tempted in his indignation to delay, his men had no idea of being made prisoners, and were already hastening down the street. With a half-uttered imprecation upon all meddling women, he followed them.

Not a moment too soon for his safety. For ten minutes after, a party of McLane's men, with Lieutenant Morris at their head, came swooping in at a gallop, and halted directly in front of Mrs. Pemberton's house, where they gave three ringing cheers.

"What do they mean, Arthur?" cried Mrs. Pemberton. "I thought they would be more apt to burn us down than to cheer us."

"Oh they have come straight on to the Rattlesnake Flag," replied Pemberton. "If Foxey came near getting us into one scrape, he has got us very cleverly out of another."

"I do not like it at all—it seems deceitful," rejoined Mrs. Pemberton. "Thee must tell Fox to take down that flag as soon as possible. I only tolerated the other one, and I certainly shall not allow this. I shall take an opportunity to explain the whole affair to Philip Morris, the first time he calls."

"That would be very right, mother," replied Pemberton, in the most dutiful manner. "And I think myself it is about time for this flag business to stop. I shall speak to Fox upon the subject."

The Rattlesnake Flag waved, however, for several days, sufficiently long to establish a new reputation for the flag-house. The few high in authority who were in the secret, of course manifested no want of respect or sympathy for the Pembertons, while the larger class of Whigs contented themselves with saying that Mrs. Pemberton had just saved her property from confiscation or destruction, to use a scriptural expression, by the skin of her teeth; and that it was certainly very convenient for the mother to be on one side of the fence, and the son on the other.

[END OF PART FIRST. TO BE CONTINUED.]

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ The Western confectioner, who a few months ago taught his parrot to say "pretty creature" to every lady who entered his store, is now a millionaire.

☞ The newest style of coffee-pot has a little steam whistle attached, which warns folks when the coffee is ready.

☞ An Irish editor says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

☞ A grocer had a pound of sugar returned with a note stating "too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

☞ A young lady, who signs herself "A Blonde," sends us a perfumed note, asking: "Why does Mr. Byron, who used to write such nice, sweet poetry, keep so quiet of late?" If we were to make a random guess, without consulting an encyclopedia, we should say, that the reason Mr. B. keeps so quiet, is because he is dead. We believe he died before the burning of Chicago.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ A man in Windham county, Connecticut, is said to be working up a saw-log thirty feet long into a fife for Gilmore's jubilee. It will be blown by nitro-glycerine.

☞ An experimenting resident of this place has perfected a remedy for diseased livers. It restores that organ to such complete health that when the person owning it dies, the liver has has to be taken out and knocked on the head with something before it is fit to be buried.

☞ We understand that a number of High School boys in this city—possibly overcome by hard study—have budded out in "Dolly Varden" book bags.

☞ The reason the government authorities have dismissed the Baden female telegraphic operatives, is on account of the delays in the transmission of messages. It seems that the lovely creatures always deferred the insignificent despatches concerning affairs of state until they had retailed to each other the society gossip and tit-bits of scandal of their respective towns.

☞ The Norristown Herald objects to the following statement in a Williamsport paper: "Mr. John Straw, of Upper Fairfield township, laid a very large egg on our table this morning as a specimen of what the hens of that township can do." The Herald's reasons for objecting are that such action on the part of human beings is discouraging to the hens.

☞ A conservative at the West, who was annoyed by certain classes of travellers, put up the following sign at the entrance to his premises: "Take warn't. No trace, nor life insurans, nor soin' masheens wanted here."

☞ Another poem on wood—The La Crosse Democrat says: "An outrage has been committed at Montello, Wisconsin, which has no parallel in history. Dr. Peas, editor of the Express, has been ordered by the village board to remove his wood from the sidewalk."

☞ An illiterate farmer, wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote to the secretary as follows: "Also enter me for the best jackass; I am sure of taking the premium."

☞ Dr. Mary Walker has got a sweet spring pair of pants.

☞ Mrs. Malaprop is anxious to know whether this Don Juan question between England and America has anything to do with poor Lord Byron.

☞ The friends of a young couple in Illinois who desired to elope, gave a concert in a school-house for their benefit, which realized five dollars, and with this they started.

☞ Mrs. Hoss, of California, not only brought down a two-hundred-and-twenty pound buck while out hunting recently, but carried the hind quarters home herself, which gives point to the old comparison—"strong as a hoss."

☞ A Utica culprit, recently sentenced to the Penitentiary, as was his just due, he says, cannot part with the jail there without giving it and its keeper a first-class notice. He has been in several others and writes understandingly.

☞ Spain has nearly three thousand nunneries.

CHILDLESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No love-words greet my ear,
No tender kisses sweet
Fall on my hungry lips at night—
I turn away and weep—

And dream of baby fingers
Nestled within my own,
A laughing voice of music sweet—
A dream—I wake and moan.

I dream again!—a golden head
Upon my bosom lies;
Soft, dainty limbs and laughing lips;
The sweetest of blue eyes

Look up to my own at morn,
I clasp her closer yet;
I dream—I start and wake,
Oh, heart! how I forget!

Once more I dream at night:
Again he loves me still.
No bitter sneering words
The brightened evenings fill.

I feel his clasp, his kisses warm
Upon my lips now press.
A baby girl within my arms
Has share in the caress.

The morning breaks—I dream no more;
My arms are empty now;
My heart cries out as throbs of pain
Shoot through my aching brow.

THE MUMMY OF GOTTINGEN.

The new Rath of Gottingen sat in his leathern chair close to the stove. On a rude table at his elbow were assembled the little appliances necessary to his comfort, on the evening of this his first day of office—a huge jug of beer, and an ample tobacco-pouch.

He wore an easy velvet coat, somewhat shabby, loose slippers covered with roses in carpet-stitch, the work of some good Bertha or Matilda, and a smoking cap with a long tassel, which hung down over a thoughtful, contemplative face—a face that should have belonged to a studious professor, rather than to a man whose calling led him into the busy walks of life.

Rath Marquardsen was a young man, little over thirty; his talent had raised him thus early to the honorable position he held in Gottingen. It seemed to him but yesterday that he was a student in the venerable university, taking notes of the lawyers' lectures in the great seal of the college, or strolling the streets arm in arm with his chosen comrade, the captain of the Prussian corps, their white and green caps stuck jauntily on their heads, and their great dogs following closely. The streets were as full of Prussians, red-capped Vandals, and yellow-crested Swabians as ever; they sang the old drinking-songs in their rich voices, bass and alto and mellow tenor, so sweet, that the Rath was fain to pause a second in his administrations of justice, while the singers streamed past the windows of the court-house.

The books he used to study were piled in confusion on the floor of his parlor, where he had tossed them out of his trunk on the day of his arrival. He had neither wife nor sister to arrange them for him, so there they would in all probability remain.

He was half-minded to refresh himself with a little reading, but was too lazy to get up and fetch a book.

Just then came a knock at his door.

"Herein!" called Rath Marquardsen, and the old clerk of the court-house entered, staggering under the weight of a pile of old musty volumes.

"You bade me clean out the drawers, and bring you these old books to look over, Herr Rath," said the clerk. "Here they are, the records of justice in Gottingen for the last hundred years. Surely your worship won't be troubled to read those old things? Better let me throw them into the stove."

And he tossed the books upon the table with a gesture of disdain.

But the Rath regarded them with very different eyes.

"Pray, leave them there," cried he, spreading his hands over them, as though to guard a treasure. "Ah, that will do. Wilt thou try my beer and tobacco?"

The clerk went away muttering. "When the Herr Rath has been as long about the court as I have been, he will not care for law books out of business hours."

Antiquity had an immense charm for the Rath; the worm-eaten calf-skin bindings, blackened edges of the leaves, and musty smell of the ancient books, helped him to call up the vanished generations who had used them. They began to pass before the eye of his fancy in shadowy rows, reacting the tragic or tranquil scenes of their little day on earth.

Therefore, the moment the clerk was gone, he drew the lamp near him, and began to turn over the yellow pages of the records.

They were not particularly interesting. Most of them were meagre notes of trials, compressed into as few words as possible; but at length, in examining the very oldest book of all, he came upon an entry which interested him so much, that he read it over and over again. The page was headed, "Trial of Jacob Winterwerb for Forgery," and at the bottom of the leaf was pasted a sheet of crumpled letter-paper, closely written in a curious, crabbed, but sufficiently legible hand.

Our bookworm pounced upon this ancient manuscript as a gold-digger might pounce upon a nugget, or a gourmand upon a *chef-d'œuvre* of Soyer. Putting on his spectacles—for, like many Germans, he was troubled with weak eyes—he began to read the faded yellow writing.

Aug. 7, 1751.—I have returned home after a long, tiring day in the court-house (commenced the manuscript), but, weary although I am, I cannot sleep; I cannot forget the events of this day. A strange gloom hangs over me. A fearful curse which was uttered in my hearing keeps obtruding itself upon my memory, and some power that I am totally unable to control or resist impels me to write it down.

Yet surely it was enough that the recording angel should mark Jacob Winterwerb's imprecation—must his fellow-sinner record it too? As Rath of Gottingen, I have had to try my old neighbor Jacob for the dark crime of forgery. It was hard for me to try him, but the extreme hardness of my case is, that I still believe him to be guilty, although his countrymen have acquitted him.

I have had more opportunity for observing his daily conduct than any other man in Gottingen, and what I have noticed makes me fear he has foresworn himself to-day. "He would plead his own cause—he would defend himself." Yes, he was quite clever enough to do it well. We were boys together, Jacob and I, and wicked though he be, I bear him a kindness still. I cannot endure to let my mind dwell upon his eternal loss! I am impelled to write it down. Probably every one else who was present in the court-house to-day has forgotten the extraordinary curse by which he bound himself, but the remembrance of it keeps me restless in spite of my fatigue.

He said, raising his hand towards heaven, "If I am not speaking God's truth, may my body never turn to dust in the grave."

Poor Jacob! hated by all but me, perhaps God of his mercy may yet lead you to repentance.

I am safe enough in writing down what he said, because no mortal eye shall read the lines I have now written until Jacob and I shall both have gone to our account. I shall leave the manuscript, sealed and directed, to my son Franz; he will do with it as he pleases.

Jacob Winterwerb has lived in the house adjoining mine ever since his marriage, thirty years ago. Our gardens lie side by side, separated only by a low rose-hedge. His eldest brother, Herman, was the richest merchant in Gottingen, which is saying something where all are wealthy.

The brothers lived together until Herman's death, which took place two month's ago.

Their household consisted of the two old men and two lads, Peter, the only son of Jacob, and Gustel, the son of their poor sister Netta, who died young, leaving her little child to the care of his uncles. Poor Netta Winterwerb! Ah, well, well, I have ever taken a peculiar interest in her boy!

My Franz and the two youths next door were school-fellows and play-fellows, just as Jacob, Herman and I used to be many years before. Netta's son was a good, honest lad, kindly and generous; but Jacob's boy inherited his father's mean and selfish qualities, and these were but fostered by the education he received.

The rich uncle was an invalid three years before his death. It was Gustel who tended him like the gentlest nurse, who wheeled his chair about the garden, who lighted his meerschaum, or brought him his coffee, or rubbed his cramped limbs by the hour.

Walking in my garden on these occasions, I often heard the sick man say, "Good boy, you do not get tired of me—you do not think me a burden; but you shall be rewarded. I shall leave you every kreutzer I am worth in the world. You shall be the richest man in Gottingen." And I used to see the lad's fine eyes grow dim as he stammered forth—

"Oh, my dear uncle, I do not want your money. I take care of you because I love you; you are the only friend I have on earth."

"I know all that, Gustel; but you are to be my heir, remember that."

Then the father and son would enter the garden, and seeing this uncle and nephew conversing so lovingly, used to be distraught with anger. I then heard Jacob say to the young man—

"See that sneaking hypocrite yonder, worming himself into your uncle's favor, in hopes of inheriting his wealth. Go you and rub his gouty foot, and fetch his coffee, and you may supplant Gustel yet. Go, I say, and speak him fair. No? you are a lazy fool! You had rather break lamps on the Anlage with the students, or drink beer till you are like a brute, than take a little trouble to make your fortune. If that detestable Gustel is your uncle's heir, it will be your own fault."

And Jacob used to give his son an angry push towards the couple in the arbor.

Peter tried hard to please his uncle, but he set about it in such an awkward manner, and got so soon tired, that he never made any progress in supplanting Gustel.

Half an hour's conversation with the poor invalid was more than he could put up with, and he was glad to rush away at the first opportunity to the Bier Kellers, where the students spent their time in gambling and drinking.

I knew the whole family history—how Gustel had been beaten and tyrannized over by Jacob and Peter when he received sweetmeats and toys from his uncle in his childish days; and how, now that he was too old to be beaten, they showed their hatred and jealousy quite as plainly, though in a different way. I saw more than I liked to see out of my window, or while walking in my garden; and Herman was wont to complain of Peter, and praise Gustel to me, always ending with his intention of making the latter his heir.

There was something very like murder in old Jacob's eyes when he saw his brother and nephew together. At such times I trembled for my neighbors, so rich, but so little at ease or content.

At length Herman died. He had not been able to leave his room for some months before his death, and there Gustel had attended him with the greatest tenderness.

The funeral was over, and the will was read. What was our surprise to hear that it was made in favor of Peter, not of Gustel. I shall not linger over what is so well known to every townsman of Gottingen. No need to tell how the universal suspicion of foul play gained ground, or how suspicious circumstances came cropping up by degrees, until at last Jacob Winterwerb stood his trial on the charge of having erased the name of Gustel, and inserted that of Peter, and has been acquitted.

In the sight of man he is now virtually spotless; how stands he in the sight of God? It is this question which troubles me, for I cannot believe him innocent, knowing all I know; yet if guilty, how came Mathous and Folkhausen to swear that they witnessed the drawing out and signing of the will? Can Jacob have bribed them to perjure themselves also? If so, a crushing weight of guilt hangs over him. That was an awful curse—"If I am not swearing God's truth, may my body never moulder in the grave."

I might, indeed, have damaged his cause, but I was the Rath, not one of the witnesses.

The next entry was dated two years later:

1753.—It is almost two years and three months since the trial. Jacob Winterwerb's first act on gaining possession of Herman's hoards was to turn his nephew out of doors. Nothing was heard of the poor youth until six months afterwards, when he came to my dwelling late one night, worn to a shadow.

His clothes were threadbare, but the saddest change was in his pinched, sunken face—the once handsome face that his Uncle Herman had so loved and admired.

He had been living in a miserable garret upon the pocket-money he had saved during his prosperity, and the sale of his uncle's various gifts; but this store was spent to the last kreutzer, and for the last two days he had been starving. Another year, he said, would see him through the university, and fit him for a profession, and he implored me to give him some copying to do, or assist him in some other way to make a little money. "Do it," he urged, "for my Uncle Herman's sake." I was, indeed, most willing to befriend him for the sake of my Netta, his mother, my own pure, early love; so he came to live with us, and he and Franz attended lectures together.

Jacob never forgave me for harboring the lad, whom he hated, as bad men will always hate the injured; he had kept up the semblance of neighborliness until then, but at that period our final rupture took place. Gustel got on well; he is now a Pfarrer in Ziegelhausen, useful and respected.

Jacob's strange curse is haunting me to-day. I have but just returned from his funeral, and ere I sleep I must conclude this memoir. Perhaps when the last word is written I may be able to forget.

Jacob's end came very suddenly. I fear me his son was no gentle nurse during the one week of his illness.

A vast concourse of his townsmen helped to lay Jacob in his grave beneath the row of yew trees called the Seven Sisters, in our cemetery, outside the Frederich's Thor. It is there the great men of Gottingen all lie, each in his narrow house, underneath his heavy marble monument.

The tallest yew has Jacob's tomb in shadow. There stands the hoary sister, gaunt and grim, stretching her black arms over the white urn, whereon she sheds her crimson berries in autumn, staining the marble like drops of blood, and weeping icy tears the winter through, which gradually wash out the stains.

Oh! Jacob, Jacob! is that marble urn and your gorgeous coffin all that is left to you of your wealth? Farewell; I am not your judge. You have entered the presence of a higher Judge, into whose hands we must all fall at last.

"Du lieber Himmel!" muttered Rath Marquardsen, fingering the yellow manuscript tenderly; "this man should have been a philosopher or a preacher; he was thrown away upon the magistracy."

There was a note at the foot of the page in a different handwriting, to the effect that Franz Volkhausen had found the above among his late father's papers, and had placed it with the annals of the court-house for the year 1753.

Rath Marquardsen sat meditating beside his stove, but his delight with the manuscript was fast changing into a creeping, grizly terror, such as he had never experienced in all his life before.

Jacob's strange curse had taken full possession of his imagination. He was afraid to look up lest he should see the old man's covetous, cruel eyes fixed upon him. He had a horrible idea that if he turned round he might find him at his elbow, or peeping at him from behind the window-curtain, which was certainly moving slightly. In his unreasoning trepidation, the Rath got up and made an undignified retreat into his bed-room, looking behind him at every step. He tumbled into bed after but short toilet operations, feeling safe only when he drew the eider-down pinnacle over his head.

But wicked old Jacob followed him there, and tormented him all night in dreams. He dreamed that he proceeded to the cemetery at Fredrich's Thor, got the sexton to open the grave, and found Jacob's corpse undecayed in its velvet coffin; that it opened its eyes when the light reached it, and springing up, clutched him by the throat.

He awoke trembling, with cold drops of perspiration standing on his face. Falling asleep again, the same vivid dream awakened him.

Strange to say, the impression did not wear off, like most hallucinations, with the daylight; but Jacob's history haunted him all the time he was busy in the court-house, and instead of going home to his dinner he went to his friend and crony Prof. Von Schenk, of the College Museum, and showed him his treasure-trove, the yellow manuscript.

A very long discussion between these two erudite men of Gottingen ended in their taking their hats and setting out arm in arm for the cemetery.

Marquardsen led his friend past the forest of little black crosses where the peasants lay, to the broad alley where reposed the great and noble, a stately assembly of broken columns, mossy urns, and tall monuments. The tombs of those lately dead were known ere you came close enough to read the date of their inscription, by the fresh wreaths of everlasting which dear, loving hands had hung upon their tombstones last All-Souls' Day. Bright gardens flourished over the breasts of these much-lamented ones.

The name of Winterwerb was well-nigh forgotten in Gottingen, so that the Rath did not dream of searching among these for Jacob's grave. He hurried on to where the seven old yew trees stood in hoary array, and there, sure enough, was the marble urn, no longer white, but gray and venerable after the lapse of a century.

"Here it is!" cried Rath Marquardsen, in a hoarse tone that almost startled himself. "Jacob Winterwerb, who departed this life, June 23, 1753, deeply respected and regretted."

"Stay you there," said the business-like professor, "while I summon the sexton."

"Not I," said our friend, trying to conceal a shudder; "I shall accompany you."

The day was far advanced before the sexton and his assistants had removed the urn, and dug away the earth from the coffin-lid.

Several people, attracted by what was going on, came hurrying up just as the coffin was raised and laid upon a flat tombstone. Rath Marquardsen shivered, and would fain have retreated, but shame kept him on the spot. He was not prepared for the sight that met his eyes when the lid was raised.

The professor rubbed his spectacles, and bent over the coffin calmly speculative, as he was wont to inspect a new curiosity in the museum.

He lifted the folds of the shroud, which, to his intense amazement, was white and spotless as it was on the day of Jacob's funeral, and beneath lay the corpse undecayed after a hundred years' sojourn in the tomb. The Rath gave one trembling glance, and turned away hastily, seized with a sudden fit of shivering, while the spectators, pressing round the coffin, shouted with horror and wonder.

"We must have this fellow in the museum!" cried the professor, delightedly; "a perfect mummy, preserved by miracle—if, indeed, there be such things as miracles. I shall write to Heidelburg and Munich, and get Schulze and Von Heine here to examine the corpse, and then I shall prepare a paper for the *Alterthumer Blatt*."

"No, no, Von Schenk. Put him back in his grave; I shall never forgive myself for this desecration of the tomb. I wish I had not read that confounded manuscript, then should I not have had that wild dream, nor have brought you here to disturb the dead. Replace him, I pray you."

"I shall place him, not replace him. He shall stand between our Theban mummy and our Mastodon giganteus, in the left-hand corner of the great museum hall. My dear sentimentalist, the responsibility rests upon the University of Gottingen, not on you. Pray set your mind at ease."

The Rath turned away in real disgust and walked home, pursued by the voice of Von Schenk, who called after him to inquire whether he were willing to resign all claim to the mummy, which was his property by right of discovery.

It was a long time before he prevailed upon himself to visit the museum. At length some ladies begged him to take them over the college, and he could not well refuse.

Old Jacob was leaning against the wall in his corner between the geological animals and the ancient Egyptian; he was dressed in his shroud, and very grim and horrible he looked, but he was surrounded by an admiring crowd to whom Prof. Von Schenk was relating the true story of "The Mummy of Gottingen."

A House-cleaning Tragedy.

The editor of a paper in Lycoming county supplies a thrilling description of an event that occurred at his home while they were cleaning house. It seems that he was called from his office by his wife, and was intrusted with the work of painting the kitchen chairs. He painted one, and then sat down on it while he finished the others. About three hours afterwards his wife came in and found him still sitting in the chair, but doing nothing. When she asked him why he didn't get up and move around, he said it was because he was tied. The editor then details the efforts which were made to get him loose. His family wished to build a fire beneath the chair, to thaw him out, but he wouldn't allow it. A suggestion was then made that he should be blown off with gunpowder, and the consequence was that he was hurled about forty feet into the garden, and had his nose broken by being suddenly jammed against the pump. His account concludes with this statement: "The chair was utterly ruined; but we have had a bay window set in our pants, and they are as good as ever, while our nose is only slightly wrecked, and we are in such a condition that we can take all the subscriptions offered! Price, three dollars per annum, with a reduction for clubs." Personal journalism, in this country, is improving rapidly in dignity.

THE TWO PATHS.

There were two paths; I hesitating stood,
For one I loved was with me on that day:
Shady and soft, the one lay through a wood,
O'er a bleak plain the other stretched away.

How he entreated me to come away,
And pointed through the dim green vista, where,
Far as the eye could take it in, there lay
A summer land most beautifully fair.

The path that led to it was fringed with flowers,
And overarched with branches cool and green;
A winding river charmed the drowsy hours,
And all the air was peaceful and serene.

Yet not serene, for in my soul a voice
Spoke sternly to me, "This is not thy path;
Turn and respect thy heart's impulsive choice;
Far nobler things for thee the future hath."

And so I turned away from his fond grasp,
Brushing aside the tears I dared not shed—
Put by the hand my fingers longed to clasp,
And took the rugged way before me spread.

I heard his words of bitterness—"Go on,
Toil through thy life in penury and pain;
And blindly seek, till thy last breath be gone,
For that which now I offer thee in vain."

He knew not what it cost me to refuse,
For he had never known the love I bore;
I chose the right, but it was hard to choose—
Thank Heaven, those weary hours can come no more!

And often when the moon shone on the sea,
And the soft stars had lit their lamps above,
The mem'ry of it all came back to me,
And set me weeping for my wasted love.

They say that love is sent to make us glad—
To comfort us and make our lives more fair—
With me, I know, the joy that once I had
Makes the dull present harder yet to bear.

But now my path has led me out of sight
Of that sweet land, and years have come between;
I can recall it in the silent night,
With just a sigh, "How fair it might have been!"

"TILL DEATH US DO PART."

BY C. MAURICE DAVIES, M. A.

It is necessary, in order to tell my story, that I should be, at the outset, somewhat personal—somewhat egotistical, if you will. As I am going to be the hero of my own narrative, it is almost inevitable that such should be the case. I have tried to avoid it by dressing up the history in the third person, and telling it about somebody else; but it was no good. I had even thought at one time of interweaving a highly sentimental love-story, as a subsidiary plot, and making the whole run through two or three volumes by means of judicious padding: but I find the interest always flags, unless I confine myself, as I now purpose doing, to the barest recital of facts.

When I was at the university, without being in any sense a "fast" man—indeed, enjoying with most of that genus the reputation of a "reading" man—I very studiously devoted my reading to everything but what was likely to be useful to me there and then. I dabbled in science, flirted with literature, and was wedded to music, applying myself only so far to the classics as was necessary to ballast my magazine articles with Greek and Latin quotations, or occasionally to enable me to publish a few "bits" of the classical authors in the unlikeliest forms of the vernacular. Mathematics I altogether eschewed as being far too demonstrable, too "slow and sure," for my then desultory state of mind. Consequently I need scarcely say I considerably disappointed the hopes of my *pater* and numerous admirers, who mistook my versatility for genius, and altogether thought me a sort of Admirable Crichton.

It was during my college career, and whilst I was working *pro tem.* in a psychological groove, that Mr. Home's reputed doings in Paris and at home made modern spiritualism a nine days' wonder. This was, of course, exactly the thing to suit me—a short and easy cut at the solution of problems which had puzzled philosophers for ages. Spiritual problems were henceforth to be as capable of demonstration as mathematical ones, and a good deal more interesting. The condition of the departed was to be no longer a matter of speculation or revelation, but of purely scientific inquiry; and I the Bacon to inaugurate the *Novum Organum*. Without being, in the accepted sense of the words, a religious man—a "Simeonite," in the current slang of my set—I had, I believe, a vein of latent piety quite as fully developed as most young men close upon their majority. *Valeat tantum.* I really thought at first that, by the time I got my degree, theology would be a fixed science, and modern spiritualism was to do the work. In a very short time there cropped up upon my bookshelves the principal works of English and American spiritualists, with manuals of magnetism, and old high-priced rubbish-looking volumes on occult science generally. I learnt to cast a nativity, swear by Andrew Jackson Davis, and puzzle myself and everybody else by discoursing of the Odic force. Contemporaneously my little round table commenced active gyrations, whilst a "circle" assembled almost nightly in my rooms for "manifestations," which, when they did come, were very physical indeed. I am free to confess, however, the results were not great on academic ground. The "circle" were apt to be irregular, and to be impatient if results did not come immediately to order. I attributed my failures at the time to two principal causes—1st, the absence of the female element in our circle (my bedmaker having proved cantankerous, and shied at the first intimation of invisible agency;) 2d, the fact that men would smoke when sitting—a practice which I fancied the "intelligences" objected to.

"In the first "Lang," however, after my inoculation with the spiritualistic mania, I took all my books "down" with me, and resolved to "develop" somebody or something at the parsonage before long. I mentioned the matter very seriously—for I felt seriously—to my father, as he was plodding through his sermon for the following Sunday; but he took a line for which I was not quite prepared. Instead of pooh-poohing my facts, he readily admitted them; but considered the whole affair diabolical, and all assumed identity with the spirits of the defunct as the machinations of "lying spirits." This only gave a new impetus to my study. I had great respect for my father's opinion up to a certain point. I fancy now that point was where it coincided with mine.

"So you concede these manifestations are spiritual, sir?" I asked.

"Provided the facts be as you state them—and I have no time or inclination to go into the matter of testimony—decidedly yes. Spiritual because diabolical."

With my stepmother, who was considerably younger than my father, I succeeded better. The subject was new to her, and helped to dispel the gloom of a country parsonage. Even the little children (for there was a second family) wrote beautiful moral sentiments in a genuine scrawl with the planchette. But none of these produced results sufficient to give them more than a very secondary place in my narrative. However, I had succeeded so far. From my sanctum and thence down through the drawing-room and into the servants' hall itself, tables were spinning and sybillic sentences rapped out or automatically written from morning to night.

Reversing the ordinary process of most "experiences," I was not led on gently from mesmerism, or animal magnetism, to spiritualism, but plumped at once into spiritualism, and then left to work my way back to first principles via. mesmerism.

From the first, be it understood, I had never been a red-hot enthusiast in the spiritualistic theory. Any orthodox "spiritualist" would have deemed me all along heretical. In fact, according to their tenets I should always have been termed a skeptic. In the proper sense of the word an inquirer, I accepted that title; I was not, for instance, prepared to admit the "spiritual" element as readily as my father did. My standard of belief, in fact, was the introduction to the book *From Matter to Spirit*, by Professor de Morgan, which treats the pneumatological theory only as easier than any of the psychological. It was thus I formulated my doctrines during the course of this vacation, and before the startling events of the present story occurred to shake it—

1. It is proved to demonstration that material substances can be rendered independent of the hitherto accepted "laws of nature," such as gravitation, etc., by human volition, with or without contact.

2. An intelligence which is not that of the medium is constantly found present at spirit circles.—N. B. Whether such intelligence is altogether independent of those surrounding the medium has not been proved to my satisfaction. I have of course read of instances where facts and events quite unknown to the persons present have been communicated; but I have had no experience of this myself.

3. The "higher phenomena," such as automatic writing, trance-speaking, and spirit-voice, are phases so easily simulated as to need much longer investigation than I have as yet been able to give them. It is only fair to add, that in the whole course of my investigation I have not been able to detect a single case of fraud.

This opinion, be it known, was strictly esoteric, being written in my private diary for my own edification. It was based on my experiences at college on a round of visits I had paid to the different professional *media* in London, and my brief experiments at the parsonage. Now came the test.

A governess had been engaged for the younger members of the family in the person of a tall, raw-boned Scotch girl, externally about as unspiritual-looking a lady as could be imagined. She "went in," however, mildly—as became her position—for my experiments. She had lots of traditional stories of second sight attaching to various members of her family, and was inclined to argue the matter (as Sydney Smith says) "in the *abstract*" at greater length than I cared. The servants, I afterward found, had their own opinions as to why Miss M'Gorgon was so fond of sitting hand in hand with young master, and "adored dark *seances*," but such a suspicion never crossed my mind then, and I have no idea even now whether it had the slightest foundation in fact. Whatever other ghostly element there may be in what I have to relate, there certainly is not the ghost of a love story.

I came down from my sky parlor to the drawing-room latish one evening, and found my stepmamma and Miss M'Gorgon obviously boring one another from their easy-chairs at opposite sides of the fireplace. I had just been reading the Reverend Channcey Hare Townsend's book on mesmerism, and the resemblance of Miss M'Gorgon's pose to one of the plates prompted me to say:

"Miss M'Gorgon, you look as though you were sitting to be magnetized. Will you let me experiment on you?"

"By all means, but I am sure you will not succeed." And, to do her justice, her great Scotch eyes looked far too wide awake for any earthly power to shut.

After twenty minutes' manipulation, however, she was in a deep magnetic sleep. My stepmother was not at first quite inclined to accept as a conclusive fact that while Miss M'Gorgon was deaf to *her*, she responded readily to all my questions; but when she saw me stand up on Miss M'Gorgon's knees—I row over eleven stone, I should mention—she began to think that the laws of matter, even matter so material as the M'Gorgon shanks, were in a state of flux. But this was not all.

Some time before, the children had been ill with scarlet fever, and Miss M'Gorgon, in the course of her assiduous attention to them, took the disease. Being naturally of a somewhat hysterical temperament, she, as the ladies say, gave way a good deal; and after the malady had left her, whether as one of its manifold sequels, or a result of her hysterical tendency, she either could not, or fancied she could not, move her left arm. At any rate, she did not use it in the slenderest degree possible, keeping it rigidly bent close to her side. My mother's astonishment may be imagined, then, when at my command, Miss M'Gorgon assumed the attitude of the eagle-slayer, using the diseased member as the bow arm, and keeping it elevated in the most statuesque manner possible. My father entered at this moment from his sermon-mongery, and dismissing a pardonable doubt as to Miss M'Gorgon's sanity, proceeded to examine the phenomenon.

On this and subsequent occasions all the ordinary phases of animal magnetism, including phreno-mesmerism and clairvoyance, were exhibited, and at last we had a specimen of that peculiar condition known as lucidity.

Miss M'Gorgon threw herself into a rocking chair, became pale and semi-rigid, exhibiting every appearance of death. Had I not been prepared by previous reading, my courage might have failed, and possibly disastrous consequence to the mind, and even life of the "patient" followed. As it was, I preserved my equanimity, and bade her describe her condition. She was basking, she said, in light ineffable. Her only anxiety was to leave the body, and remain in that lucid state. The most curious part of the manifestations was, that she was utterly ignorant of the names of living persons. She readily remembered the dead, described herself as being with them, and exclaimed almost petulantly—

"You know they are here! You are with me. Let me go to them. I can see them, if you will only let me."

Her volition was utterly lost in mine. It seemed a strange link between spiritism and magnetism; but my mother began to look nervous, my father evidently smelt sulphur, and, in fact, I felt myself that I was trenching somewhat closely on the limits of the "knowable." Much against her wish—I was going to write "will," but that was in abeyance—I bade her come back; and after my using the ordinary method for dispersing the "magnetic aura," she returned to earth utterly ignorant of all that had taken place. That evening I formulated another "opinion" in my diary:

"Whatever be the power that seems, under certain conditions, to animate dead matter, and which, for lack of a better term, we call magnetism, that same power is capable of producing in the human frame a state of exaltation of the faculties which apparently lifts the patient into a higher condition of being."

Having produced this lucid phase at a second *séance*, after I had taken some lessons of a professional mesmerist, I was induced to exact a promise from Miss M'Gorgon—which I knew would be sacred if made in the magnetic state—that she would allow no one else to mesmerise her; and, moreover, that she would never resist my will. She even wrote it down in a blank page of my Reichenbach, and after having done so, said, in a voice that startled us all:

"I am yours—yours *till death us do part*."

It was, I fancy, more the matrimonial than the magnetic import of this particular phrase that frightened us at the time. Mine, most unmistakably, whether with views matrimonial or magnetic, she was from that day forth. She anticipated my every wish, even to such trivial matters as passing things at table, etc. Had Miss M'Gorgon been young and beautiful, I do not know what I or other people might have thought of her attentions. As it was, nobody thought anything at all; and, for myself, I soon found out the unsatisfactory nature of the spiritualistic inquiry; and by the time October came, I was quite prepared to leave all my occult works behind for my father to elaborate a learned discourse on Beelzebub, whilst I devoted my attention to the subject of brass bands in general, and the big saxhorn in particular, in consequence of having been promoted to the dignity of a bandsman in the University rifle corps.

But I was not to dissociate myself so easily from Miss M'Gorgon and spiritism.

Soon after I went "up," a change became visible in the governess. She was nervous and excitable to the last degree. The servants chuckled, and asked one another: "Hadn't they said so all along?" The partial paralysis of her arm, which had disappeared under magnetic treatment, reappeared, or was reassumed. She even simulated other affections, such as a violent cough, a weak ankle, etc. A medical man who was called in, and to whom my father confided the fact of the mesmeric experiments, traced these affections at once to their true source, a desire to be magnetized. The doctor decidedly recommended her not meeting me again; so an opportunity offering for getting her a more lucrative and less irksome position, as companion to an aged lady, Miss M'Gorgon was with some difficulty persuaded to make the change, having suddenly discovered an intense affection for the young ladies she had in charge at the parsonage. However, Miss M'Gorgon received her *congé*. The young ladies were sent to boarding-school, and Miss M'Gorgon and myself never met in the flesh again.

I strongly recommend any young lady who wishes to retain the affections of a swain, not to allow herself to be mesmerized by him. On other and quite independent grounds, I would most seriously advise no female ever to submit herself to a power of which we know so little, except the one fact of its being open to such fearful abuse. But especially with young ladies in love, I may inform them that the fact of my having magnetized Miss M'Gorgon produced in me an irrepressible feeling of revulsion toward her. It was with the greatest delight I found we should not meet at the parsonage during the Christmas vacation.

Passing over one or two strange occurrences at college, such as noises and apparently automatic displacement of furniture in my rooms whilst I was "consuming the midnight oil," I come to this particular Christmas vacation. There had been a time when the mere possibility of watching the movements of a peripatetic easy-chair or a locomotive coal-scuttle would have been irresistibly attractive to me; but now, without making me exactly nervous, it bored me. I always sheered off to bed directly the things began to get lively, without making any accurate examination as to whether it was not all fancy on my part. I instinctively associated the phenomenon with Miss M'Gorgon; and though there was nothing at all in the shape of an audible voice, the words were constantly and most vividly impressed on my mind—"Till death us do part." Whenever any disturbance of the kind occurred, I seemed to keep on saying over and over again these words to myself. I would even recite propositions in Euclid, or speeches of Shakspeare; but beneath them all, like an undercurrent, came those hideous words of that horrible woman, "Till death us do part—Till death us do part." I even went so far as to pay a most unusual visit to a medical man. I told him nothing of Miss M'Gorgon or mesmerism, but mentioned the "movables" in my room, etc. He simply laughed, told me to shut up my books and leave them behind me, go "down," and take lots of exercise; all of which I faithfully obeyed.

On Christmas eve I was regaling myself with a musical practice in my sky parlor, and certainly nothing was farther from my thoughts than Miss M'Gorgon or magnetism, when I was startled quite out of my serenity by hearing in the next room, which had been the M'Gorgon bed-chamber, unmistakable "thuds" of what I used to term irreverently the M'Gorgon "beetle-crushers." There was no mistake about it. Somebody or something was walking up and down the next room with that most martial and inimitable tread.

I confess to being thoroughly frightened, and to making a summary retreat. To save my life I could not have opened the door of the M'Gorgon chamber, which I knew, or believed, to be locked and tenantless. I even had to pause a moment to get my breath and recover myself before I entered the drawing-room.

"Come to the fire," said my step-mother; "you look fearfully cold. Why do you mope yourself in that attic of yours? In fact, now I look at you, you are worse than cold—you are ill and haggard. Do, pray, obey your doctors, and exchange books and music for exercise in the open air."

I promised compliance; and my father, looking up from his Guardian, said:

"You will be sorry to hear your old 'patient,' Miss M'Gorgon, is very ill, and not expected to live."

"I hope, sir, my patient does not attribute her ailment to my treatment."

"No; I fancy it is only a reappearance of an old and hereditary pulmonary affection. I think you may make yourself easy on the score of your treatment, which, as far as I could see, extended only to the head and heart."

"By-the-way," I added, in a tone of assumed carelessness, sipping my tea as I asked, "who occupies Miss M'Gorgon's room now?"

I was told, as I had expected, that the room had been locked ever since Miss M'Gorgon's departure. Indeed my mother showed me the key in her basket, asking me jokingly:

"She has not come back to claim her plighted spouse, has she—'Till death us do part?'" she added, in a hoarse voice like Miss M'Gorgon's.

I told them, as laughingly as I could, how I fancied I had heard the M'Gorgon "thud" next me. I saw my father and mother exchange significant glances, as much as to say, "he is nervous;" and a good drive across country was proposed next day.

I am ashamed to say how childishly afraid I was to go to bed that night. No infant in a dark room ever dreaded "bogey" worse than I did that ponderous tread. Whilst I was spinning out the last few minutes, with my candlestick in my hands, the very lamp on the table quivered, and the ornaments rattled on the mantel-piece, as the same dull, heavy footstep resounded in the room above us, which had been the children's school-room. We all turned pale as ghosts ourselves, and my father and mother exclaimed at once:

"Miss M'Gorgon!"

As for me, I was speechless: and as I stood so, though I was quite sure no one else could hear a sound, the words seemed hissed into my ear, "Till death us do part."

The usual examinations of the house were made; the servants all found to be quiet in bed, the room undisturbed, etc. The footsteps seemed to cross it but once, and we heard no more.

We agreed upon the customary explanation, which palpably satisfied none of us, that we "fancied" we had heard what we were quite certain we did hear; and we parted for the night.

I dared not confess my cowardice, but I would have given anything to have had a companion for that night. In plain simple English, I went to bed in a terrible fright.

I tumbled in more expeditiously than ever I had in my life, and buried my head under the bed-clothes, not daring to look out into the darkness. I fancy I was dozing off, when suddenly the bells of the little village church clashed out discordantly. I had forgotten all about its being "Christmas-day in the morning," and started up in bed, the more so on account of my nervousness from another source. It was utterly dark; but at the bottom of the bed there was *something*, palpable to some sense, analogous to that which had kept pealing through my ears those ominous words, "Till death us do part."

The *something* which I thus saw, yet did not see, appeared like a tall, scraggy, luminous mass, with two intensely light spots about the place where eyes might have been expected. At the same time as I saw, yet did not see this, I heard, in the same negative kind of way, the same loathsome words, as it were drilled into my very ears, "Till death us do part." It could not have been common sight or common hearing, for in each of these cases time is necessary to impinge upon the senses; and as it was, I was down in bed again, buried deeper than ever, "like a shot," as we say. Turning my bed-clothes, bolster, and pillows into a veritable sarcophagus, I managed to dull all external sights and sounds; even the clanging bells did not reach my ears; but still before my eyes was the *spectrum* of the "something" I had seen; and a voice that seemed to grow more and more subjective—seemed, as it were, to retreat within the innermost chambers of consciousness—still repeated "Till death us do part. I promised to be yours till then; I have kept my promise. If you *dare* to doubt it, look at your watch in the morning, and remember the Christmas bells."

After that, silence—but not sleep. Through that weary Christmas morning I never lost consciousness; nor did I emerge from the sarcophagus until the sound of a brass band under my window—the brass band I had "coached" for the occasion—saluted my ears with an air I had myself selected as being not too secular-sounding for that sacred day, namely, "Pestal." With what a new meaning the vocal chorus seemed to strike on my ear, the chorus I had meant only to be an effective slow march!

I jumped out of bed, let the welcome daylight in the window, and waved my hand by way of compliment to my bucolic band down among the snow. I expected to feel "seedy," and did miss my night's sleep a little; but a good "slnish" in cold water, soon got over this, and to my astonishment I felt better than I had done for months. A weight seemed removed from me. I had almost a difficulty in recalling the events of the past night, or the words that up to that time had caused me so much discomfort.

What was the time! I sought my watch on its usual hook at the head of my bed. It was n t there! I could have sworn I hung it there on the previous night. After diligent searching I found it lying on the floor at the foot of the bed, and almost underneath it. It had stopped at about half-past twelve!

Whether this had anything to do with my luminous visitant, or whether in my fright I tumbled it down, and so stopped it, I do not pretend to determine. Had the event stood by itself, that would, of course, have been the natural explanation. Even the M'Gorgon "thud," had I alone heard it, might have been attributed to anti-matrimonial views on my part toward the lady in question.

As to the poor girl herself, she troubled no one further with her presence, matrimonial, magnetic, or otherwise. She became rapidly worse on Christmas eve, and whilst the bells were beginning to chime in the Christmas morning, passed away. Her last articulate words were, "Till death us do part," which of course the watchers attributed to a blighted love-dream of the poor governess. She continued murmuring for some time, and *at half-past twelve* died.

We did not hear of the event for some time, and I had carefully noted all the above particulars in my diary before the news reached me. When the letter arrived, I fetched the volume down, and laid it quietly open before my father. He read it very carefully—and from time to time compared it with the contents of the black-edged letter in his hand. At last he rose and returned me my manuscript, with the solitary remark—"A very strange coincidence!" and so retired to his study—I have no doubt to append a side-note to his sermon on the beings nature, and attributes of Beelzebub.

A GENUINE SOAP MINE.

[From the New Mexican, March 26.]

The Pueblo people are rejoicing over the discovery of a genuine soap mine, and the Chieftain thus discourses over the matter: "The other day one of our prominent citizens rode out up the Fountain three or four miles on a kind of prospecting tour, and at a certain point near the banks of the stream noticed some rocks of a peculiar formation. Instigated by that curiosity so fatal on a momentous occasion to old mother Eve, he broke off a piece, and taking it to the creek, plunged it into the water, for the purpose of ascertaining the consistency and grain. Upon taking it out of his hands, what was his surprise to see a lather formed, and with a vigorous rubbing, the stone proved to have saponaceous qualities; in fact, possessed all the cleansing virtues of the most excellent soap. Greatly surprised, not a little mystified, with the profound conviction withal that he had found a big thing, our discoverer hastily gather d up a few specimens, and brought the same to the drug store of Dr. P. R. Thumbs, where it is now on exhibition, and can be inspected and tested by the curious. The stone is of a dun color, about the hardness of chalk, and forms a perfect lather, while it effectually removes all stains and grease spots from the clothing. We have tried the soap personally, and must pronounce it a success. After bathing, it leaves the skin as soft and smooth as that of a new-born babe, while the odor is quite pleasant. It is certainly a remarkable discovery, and the only query now is, 'What next?' A country that can produce mountains of gold and silver, narrow-gauge mules, tarantulas, flea-bitten dogs, and mines of soap to wash the whole with, must be capable of producing almost any wonder."

Memory and Forgiveness.

A good maxim for worldly men, is to be very chary of offending those persons whom they observe to have good memories. Revenge is chiefly a function of good memory. You cannot expect those persons who remember well to be as forgiving as other men. Memory is a faculty which has, comparatively speaking, but little choice in the exercise of its functions. It would surprise men of feeble memories, if they could know with what clearness and intensity a long past injury or insult comes back to the mind and soul of a man of potent memory. He flushes up with anger at the remembrance, as he did at the first reception of the insult, or the injury. He must be a man of extraordinary sweetness of disposition if he can always continue to forgive. In short, with the majority of mankind, forgiveness is but a form of forgetfulness.

☞ A Cockney reader engaged in the leather trade wants to know if the Ides of March, mentioned in "Julius Cæsar," were the (h)ides of March (h)ares. Certainly his hide ought to be leathered!

☞ The temperance question has been reduced to a fine point in Massachusetts. The Supreme Court of the State is about to be called upon to decide whether, under the prohibitory law, a man has a right to keep a crowbar.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. *Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

Publishers are requested always to state the retail price of their books when sending them to be noticed.]

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP. By the Author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." Published by J. M. Stoddart & Co., 733 Sansom street, Philadelphia. This is a new temperance book by T. S. Arthur, and is written with the earnestness and sincerity which he always shows in his treatment of the subject.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW, March 1872. Edited by EDWARD J. SEARS, L. L. D. This number contains "Ancient Inhabitants of Europe and Whence they Came," "John C. Calhoun," "The Evolution Theory," "Archbishop Spalding," "The Mediterranean and the Vicissitudes it has Witnessed," "Assassination vs. Fraud," "German Views of German Unity," "Russian Literature," "Notices and Criticisms," etc. Published by Edward J. Sears, 658 Broadway, New York.

FLORAL CHROMOS.—We have received the two excellent Chromos for 1872 issued by Messrs. Briggs & Bro., Seedsmen and Florists, Rochester, N. Y., and have been struck with the perfection to which the art of chromo-lithography has attained. The flowers are delightfully natural, and the coloring, without exceeding truth in the least, is brilliant beyond expression. In the Lily Chromo the pure white Calla contrasts with the crimson and scarlet and gold of its graceful sisters, attired beyond the pomp of kings. The beauty of the Collective Chromo may be imagined when we mention the Carnation, the Astor, the Fuschia, the Geranium, the Gladiolus, the Pansy, the Dicentra, the Tuberose, the Zinnia,—not half the number of the gorgeous and tastefully arranged group.

OLD AND NEW for April contains "A March Chronicle," "The Break Between Modern Thought and Ancient Faith and Worship," "A Glimpse at the Labor Question," "Sixty Years Ago," "Ups and Downs," "American Poetry," "Two Characters," etc, etc. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received the following new music from J. E. Winner, 545 North Eighth street, Philadelphia:—

GOLDEN LEAF, Trois Temps. By CLARA SAYLOR.

BUDDING LEAVES. Reverie. By ANNIE W. BARTALOTT.

MATCHLESS SCHOTTISCHE. By EASTBURN.

PEERLESS POLKA. By EASTBURN.

SHADOWS. Words and Music by EASTBURN.

SOME ONE TO WEEP WHEN I AM GONE. A Beautiful Ballad. Words by GEO. COOPER. Music by EASTBURN.

☞ Henry Clews, the well-known bald-headed banker, who always prides himself on being a self-made man, during a recent talk with Mr. Travers, had occasion to remark that he was the architect of his own destiny—that he was a self-made man. "W-w-what d-did you s-say, Mr. Clews?" asked Mr. Travers. "I say with pride, Mr. Travers, that I am a self-made man—that I made myself—" "Hold, H-henry," interrupted Mr. Travers, as he dropped his Partagas, "w-while you were in-m-making y-your-yourself, why the devil d-did-didn't you p-put some more h-hair on the top of y-your h-head?" Mr. Clews has since invested seventy-five cents in a wig.

☞ A correspondent of a Baltimore paper wants to know why marriages and death notices should be paid for? For the best of reasons; one is an advertisement of copartnership, and the other is a notice of dissolution. Business is business.

The Tenacity of Truth.—When a nation as clear-headed as the Americans once become convinced, from long experience and observation, that an article possesses superior excellence as a medicine, not all the preposterous clamor of all the worthless nostrum venders in the universe can shake their belief in its efficiency. Truth is a very tenacious thing, as these worthies are beginning to discover. PLANTATION BITTERS has too firm a hold upon the popular esteem to be in the slightest degree effected by the cold water distribes which the advertisers of fermented slops, "without a particle of alcohol," are so fond of launching against all alcholic preparations. The public knows very well that this peerless renovant and tonic does contain spirits, but it also knows that they are of the purest and most wholesome description, viz., fine old St. Croix, the most active and beneficial diffuser of its remedial and invigorating properties throughout the system which could possibly be adopted.

☞ Those hollow-cheeked, pale and sunken-eyed men that you see dodging into cheap eating-houses, and gazing with expectant look upon the cakes and apples of the street peddlers are not fugitives from justice, but simply unfortunate citizens who live in rented houses, and are now on the move. In a few days they will go home to their meals again, or as soon as the carpets are tacked down and the stoves set up by their wives.—*Cleveland Leader.*

An Important Invention.—It is estimated that one person in every ten is under the necessity of wearing a truss. This would give 4,000,000, or thereabouts, as the number of trusses worn in the United States; and that number of persons are constantly subjected to torture, because nearly all trusses in use are rigid, or have metallic springs. And yet there is now a sure relief from all this misery. The Elastic Truss and Supporter, (without metal springs,) furnished by the Elastic Truss Company, at 683 Broadway, New York, is claimed to be a perfect remedy for Hernia. It is worn at all times without suffering, affording a sure relief. In addition to the marvellous ease and comfort this instrument affords, the absolute certainty of effecting a permanent cure makes this one of the most valuable inventions of this age. It has the unqualified endorsement of the best surgical talent in the profession.

☞ Some of the Western cities, like precocious babies, seem doomed to premature decay. Weston, in Missouri, had a newspaper, the Platform, which died lately of inhuman neglect. With its dying breath it declared that the only "evidence of enterprise in the place for the last ten years was the establishment of a foundry by the Piute Indians, to make post holes out of Calvert's culvert, and that the Wandering Jew left the place in disgust, as the deadest place he ever struck in his wanderings."

Does a filthy and profuse nasal discharge? Where does it all come from? The little glands in the tissue lining the chambers of the nose are ulcerated and diseased, drawing from the system its corruption. It is an outlet for its impurities. Stop this discharge by using the many advertised strong liquids, snuffs and inhalants, and you make an outlet in the lungs or elsewhere. The disease is translated to another locality more fatal. The rational way to cure is to correct the system by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which tones it up, cleanses the blood and heals the diseased glands by a specific influence upon them, and to assist, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, the only way to reach the upper and back cavities where the discharge comes from. No danger from this treatment, and it is the only sure cure. The Douche and two medicines sold at once by Druggists for $2. 506.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, Augusta Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "Ra[illegible]ynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

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1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

(Our *club* terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.)

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

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THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872.

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☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscription must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

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SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

ATTENTION TO SANITARY LAWS.

The present year seems to be regarded by medical men as an exceptional one for the prevalence of diseases of a malignant type. The cause of this is not definitely known; it may be some atmospheric peculiarity—the deficiency or the excess of some element in it. But it is a well-established fact that epidemics of every kind are checked by strict attention to sanitary laws, and spread rapidly when these laws are neglected. Fevers of various kinds are known to be caused by imperfect drainage, ill-ventilated rooms, and a general want of cleanliness. And even where general cleanliness is not neglected, the exhalations arising from a damp cellar or from a stagnant pool in the vicinity will engender disease. A careful inspection of houses by the occupants is a great safeguard, if discovered difficulties are promptly remedied. And now that the time of year leads us to hope for spring weather, we would suggest that ladies interest themselves somewhat about this matter, and personally examine their dwellings and surroundings, and assure themselves that everything about them is in as cleanly and wholesome a condition as is possible.

THE COUNTERFEIT MONEY SWINDLE.

The tricks of modern sharpers and "confidence men" are innumerable and, considering the spread of information and intelligence, the number of their victims incredible. A favorite swindling plan is to send lithographed circulars all over the country, in which the writer, after introducing himself as a very skillful engraver, who has been in the employ of the Government for several years, exhorting the receiver to secrecy, and threatening dreadful things if he reveals what is told, offers to sell him a package of counterfeit money at a low price. This he represents to be so skillfully executed that no difficulty will be found in passing it. Should the recipient of this precious epistle swallow the bait, he will receive in exchange for his money a package of sawdust. Conscious that any exposure will criminate himself he keeps quiet about the matter, and thus the sharper escapes. These swindlers are very glad to get hold of the circulars of schools and colleges, and taking from thence the pupils' names sends copies of their circulars to them. In some institutions of our State scarcely a day passes during which several of these circulars are not received. Those in authority who have charge of the distribution of the mail in some institutions learn to recognize them, however, and in order to prevent the opportunity for temptation quietly put them into the waste-basket. Certainly some means of detecting and punishing these swindlers can be found and ought to be put into execution.

BURNING OF AN OLD MONASTERY.

An interesting historical relic, or rather a whole collection of relics which it is impossible to replace, a few days ago became a prey to the flames in the ancient city of Erfurt. There stands the Augustine monastery, in which Martin Luther lived and conceived the first idea of a reformation, converted at present into an orphan asylum. A fire suddenly broke out, a few days ago, and has totally destroyed the most interesting part of the building, in which was Luther's cell, and also the room where he first gave shape to his great scheme. In these rooms, which have been up to the latest time shown to strangers as curiosities, Luther's Bible was kept, with marginal notes in the reformer's own handwriting, together with the painting "Death's Dance," by Beck, and other valuable relics. All of these have been burnt. The pecuniary damage is estimated at about 60,000 thalers, the historical loss is incalculable.

DRESS IN JAPAN.

The style of dress in Japan is even more varied than it is on Chestnut street or Walnut street on a fine Sunday. A Japanese lady, thoroughly arrayed, is really an elaborate work of art. A large amount of attention, and no little expense to begin with, are devoted to the arrangement of the hair—even the common people regularly employing a hairdresser. If they cannot afford the luxury every day, they will make it last for two days by sleeping on a wooden pillow placed under the neck.

The item of next importance in a Japanese lady's toilet is her *obi*, or girdle, which is usually of bright colors, and arranged behind with great care, so as to form the camel's hump so popular among our ultra-fashionable belles.

The Grecian bend is an old institution in Japan. To see one of her dark-skinned ladies, with her extensive head-dress, a hump upon her back, an extremly narrow skirt, high, wooden-heeled pattens, her body thrown forward, and, as she minces her steps, you would imagine she was caricaturing the brainless votaries of Fashion in other lands; but she is only dressing as her people have dressed, and walking as they have walked, for centuries. The *obi* serves a purpose in Japan which I have not heard attributed to it elsewhere. When a woman becomes a widow she makes no change in it unless she wishes to announce her purpose never to marry again, in which case she ties her *obi* in front. How effectual this is to ward off all proposals I do not know; but as it is always and everywhere the privilege of a woman to change her mind, it is said the *obi* occasionally in such a case works its way around to its normal position behind.—*Prime's "Around the World."*

LAVATER says "that you never know a man until you have divided an inheritance with him." I would also say that you never know a man until you have got into a scrape with him, and can see whether he is willing to take his fair share of the blame. Men are hardly ever so ungenerous as when they have been colleagues in some affair which has turned out to be unfortunate.—*Helps.*

☞ The hired girls of Janesville, Wis., threaten to strike unless all the kitchens are provided with rocking chairs.

☞ A Berkley divinity student took his lamp out during the night to ascertain the time by the sun-dial. How is this for culture? This is almost as good as the one who asked the barber to cut off ten cents worth of his hair.—*Argus.*

☞ The Memphis Appeal heads its telegraph notes "Morsels of Morse."

A FANCY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

'Tis the silv'ry noon of night;
And the moon is at her height—
Dark and grand, the branches high;
Deep and cool, the shadows lie—
Heavenly beauty. All is still
Over misty valley and hill.

The ghosts are moving about to-night,
Under the shadows, and out in the light,
Over the gravel, and over the lawn—
Flitting about till the peep o' the dawn.

The ghost of a sachem old,
The ghost of a warrior bold—
Out in the garden they look
To find their sepulchred race,
They search a shrubberied nook
For the chieftain's dwelling place.

The ghosts of the sturdy settler band,
Father and mother, and grandsire, and "hand"—
They seek in vain for the cabin of logs,
For the old rail fence, the stumps and the bogs.
The bells of a hundred years agone,
Under the elm from a sapling grown,
Thrills with a kiss a century old,
Pressed, 'neath its shade, by lips that are mold.

My grandfather's ghost standing alone,
Mournfully dreams of a house o'erthrown,
Reproachfully looks where the new one stands,
Reared and adorned by his children's hands.

Ghosts that were merry and glad,
Ghosts that were weary and sad—
All silent they come again,
And, silent, with looks of pain,
They're haunting familiar ground,
Encircling the olden round;
For they find scarce a trace of their stay.
Scarce a print on time's treacherous clay.

ENIOL.

An Extraordinary Discovery.

Optics and Art—Turner's Pictures—Curious Disease of the Artist's Eye—An English Sensation.

Moncure D. Conway writes from London to the Cincinnati Commercial upon the following very interesting subject:

The enthusiasm in England for Turner's pictures is phenomenal. No doubt the unbounded admiration of Ruskin for his works, and the wonderful eloquence with which he dwelt on them in his "Modern Painters," has done much to make every pencil scratch of Turner, or his most casual dab of color, more to be desired than much fine gold; but there is also much in the strange abnormality of his productions which enhances their value. It is curious to observe the effects of Turner's reputation on foreigners of artistic taste visiting this country for the first time. From their hotel rooms they rush to the Turner room of the Kensington Museum or the National Gallery. The first they are ushered into are those containing the pictures by that artist painted before the year 1830. Those who are acquainted with the life and career of Turner need not be told about that time the crisis occurred in his style, and that the pictures before and after that period seem to have been painted by different hands. The pictures painted before 1830 always excite immediate delight. They correspond with the impressions received by cultivated minds from the objects of nature, and it is impossible to repress astonishment at the matchless colors, the glorious atmosphere, the boldness of design. That expansiveness which our best American landscape painters demand canvas as large as a blanket to make, Turner secured on a few feet of surface; and one seems to be looking through a window on an immeasurable landscape. But now see our foreigner pass to the rooms of the Turners painted after 1830-32. Here are

MASSES OF COLOR

even more wonderful, if anything, than the others. But the pictures look as if, after they had been painted, some infantile Turner had secretly entered the paternal studio and blurred all the lines. The houses and rocks have sometimes a tipsy look, and the ships, especially, to be more than half seas over. The gazer is dumb-founded. Was Turner sane when he painted these? Many theories have been started as to why Turner drew in this manner in the latter part of his life. Some say he did so out of defiance to his critics when they complained of some of his lines. But there is no doubt that he painted things as he saw them. There were advisers who hinted to him that his new style was an error, but he snubbed them. A lady, looking at a picture in his studio, remarked, "I never saw anything like that in nature." "Don't you wish you could?" replied the artist. This new blurring of lines increased with him; and it is related that he once went into a gallery and found a profound committee lost in admiration as they gazed upon his last work. Turner pointed out that they had hung the picture wrong side up! *Se non e vero e ben trovato.* No doubt there was a great deal of this fictitious admiration for the new style of one who had become so famous. But on the other hand not only Ruskin, but others, found such growing excellencies in the new works that they took the eccentric drawing at first on faith, and afterwards came to like it. So people acquire taste for things they don't like at first; *e. g.*, caviare, snails, olives, horse-flesh and the like. And so it is still. Our foreigner, at first astounded at the late pictures of Turner, has only to remain here long enough to attain unto raptures over them, and finally he will hardly deign to look at the earlier and more normal pictures.

But now an event has occurred which may turn out to be a crisis in English Turnerism. One of these foreigners to whom I have alluded came to England about eighteen months ago for the first time, and hastened to see the works of the greatest of English artists. He was much impressed by the difference between the two styles of Turner, and it lay in the direction of his professional life to make a study of the phenomenon. He was no ordinary traveller. He is a

GERMAN NAMED LIEBFRICH,

who had already gained the reputation of being the most eminent oculist living. Having become associated with the men of science in this country, he remained longer than he anticipated, and finally he became such an important person to Professor Tyndall, in his researches into light and color, that he was induced to remain in London permanently. So he has now become an English resident, and no man is more profoundly appreciated by the savants of this country. M. Liebfrich has gained the reputation of being able to make the blindest eyes see, and the setting of new eyes in peoples heads is with him the merest pastime. He is evidently in league with some optical demon, to whom he has sold himself. Such are the dark rumors. However that may be, it is probable that he has given cultivated English society new eyes as far as Turner is concerned. For after a year and a half of careful study of the two styles, he has, with calm heroism, announced that Turner's latest style was the result of a certain curious eye disease, with which the artist was afflicted without knowing it.

Of course, when it was rumored about that a German scientific man had made this discovery, there was incredulity. It was easy to say, "Well, if Turner's pictures were the result of eye disease, let us employ Liebfrich to afflict all our artists in the same way." But there were others who remembered the saying that though a diamond may have a flaw, a flaw does not make a diamond, and these were anxious to hear more of what Liebfrich had to say. Fortunately London has an institution which is the finest centre of intellectual hospitality in Europe. If any man of real ability has a new idea or discovery, the English men of science will have him at the Royal Institution, will there gather around him as cultivated an audience as Europe can furnish, and will listen to what he has to say. And when it was announced by the Royal Institution that M. Liebfrich would lecture there "on certain faults vision, of with especial reference to the works of Turner and Mulready," the amphitheatre in Albemarle street was crowded by as fine an audience as I have ever seen in that place.

M. Liebfrich proceeded to show the reasons which had led him to the conclusion that the later style of Turner was attributable to a disease of vision which took the form of what is called *astigmatisation*.

I will not go into the physiological account he gave of the changes which were sometimes brought about in the lenses of the eye. It is enough to say that the effect of *astigmatisation* is to elongate all perpendicular lines and almost to obliterate horizontal ones. A person whose eyes are so affected sees objects, as he believes, correctly, but really sees them elongated and without accurate relations to horizontal lines. Where people are not artists, such an alteration would not be observed, of course. It will readily be imagined that M. Liebfrich had not ventured before his audience with mere opinions. He had striking illustrations to show. He had a picture on glass, of Turner's painting, of the Grand Canal at Venice, now in the Kensington Museum. The picture was the last painted before the remarkable change in Turner's style, and it is of wonderful beauty. Having thrown this picture on canvas by means of an electric light, he said he would now make it pass through an astigmatic glass. He did so, and lo! the picture presented the exact appearance of Turner's late pictures. The lines were blurred and enlongated, and the transformation so exactly represented the difference between the two styles, that the audience broke forth with repeated rounds of applause. He then took a tree which Turner had painted, a tree whose class botanists have thus far been unable to determine. It looked more like

A CLOUD OF SMOKE

than a tree. Subjected to a reverse or stigmatizing glass, the tree turned out before our eyes to be an ordinary birch tree. The experiments were very striking, and undoubtedly the majority of the audience were convinced that the theory of Dr. Liebfrich was true. After the lecture was over, we all passed into another room of the Institution where a service always follows the Friday evening lecture. Here were hung a number of pictures. There had been provided also a number of astigmatic lenses. These were distributed among the company, who proceeded to look through them at the pictures. The result was, that each picture appeared in the late Turneresque style, and we seemed to have been transferred to the room occupied by his works in the National Gallery?

HARDLY LESS INTERESTING

was another fact which the lecturer discussed. In passing through our galleries M. Liebfrich has amazed his friends by naming with singular accuracy the ages of the artist at which they painted certain pictures. He stated in his lecture that his key to this was that as a man approaches sixty, the yellow color of light impinges with disproportionate strength upon the retina. With increasing years he sees a great deal of yellow where younger eyes do not. He sees more yellow in his colors than really exists. Consequently, in painting, he leaves out yellow, seeing it as already there, though it is not. A very remarkable illustration of this was presented in the case of Mulready. Mulready painted the same subject twice, the main figures being some children. Both pictures are in the Kensington Gallery, and there has been much marvel that, though the subject is exactly the same, the colors are widely different.

THE FIRST PICTURE

was painted when the artist was about fifty, the second when he was about sixty. Between those years the change had taken place. But M. Liebfrich has solved the long-standing puzzle about the difference of color between these pictures, by showing that if the latter picture be looked at through a yellow glass, it becomes in every respect an exact duplicate of the first. The yellow comes in, it blends with the other colors and modifies them, and it plainly appears that the second picture was to Mulready's eye, when he painted it, an exact duplicate of the other, though to ordinary eyes the colors are quite different. In this experiment, as well as in those referring to Turner, the result is certainly astonishing, and the German oculist has caused a sensation in artistic circles, such as has not been known for many a day. The lecturer amply demonstrated that he was not only a skillful physiologist, but that his studies of art were of extraordinary extent, and that he was thoroughly acquainted with the best productions and the best schools of art in every part of Europe.

LIBEL AGAINST INFANTS.

Some time since the editors of the Berlin Journal were sued for libel. That paper thus explains how the thing has turned out:

OUR LIBEL SUIT.—Almost every day since the recent adjournment of court, somebody asks us "how the libel suit of Mrs. Allen *vs.* the Journal came out." We are getting sick of answering questions, and beg leave to say here that it hasn't "come out." The lying, slandering, reputation-ruining editors of this paper are both infants, which is to say, minors, that is under age, in other words, never voted—well, in short, the oldest of us was born early (about 4 A. M., we believe) in the year '51, in the present century. The law reposes no confidence in minors, but requires that they shall have a guardian. Expectant, probably of recovering a large judgment against us, and knowing it would not be collectable against us, the plaintiff's attorney summoned us before one of your city justices and had a guardian appointed. Shortly before court convened, this able attorney discovered that the said city justice had no jurisdiction to get up guardians to order for little boys like us, and it was too late to go to work and deal over again, and there wasn't any fun in trying the case without a god-father for us, because we are not responsible parties, being infants. Consequently the thing slid by this term of court.

BURIED ALIVE.

An Irishman took the contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about twenty-five feet down, he came one morning and found it caved in—filled nearly to the top. Pat looked cautiously around and saw that no person was near, then took off his hat and coat, hung them on a windlass, crawled into some bushes and awaited events. In a short time the citizens discovered that the well had caved in, and seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass they supposed that he was at the bottom of the excavation. Only a few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the citizens had reached the bottom, and were wondering where the body was, Pat came walking out of the bushes and good-naturedly thanked them for relieving him of a sorry job. Some of the tired diggers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow anything more than a laugh, which soon followed.

☞ A good square meal—A soda-cracker. Dry, isn't it?

A PACK-HORSE WIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Parson Nasby has written a poem of the name of Hannah Jane. Parson Nasby has his idea, I have mine. Parson Nasby's idea is not my idea. No, indeed. I and Paul do not agree. So far as appears to my benighted understanding, there is nothing at all grand or beautiful, or poetical or fine, or heroic, or admirable, or nice in the Parson's idea. Quite the contrary, in fact. And at the close of the poem, Abel Merriweather, instead of patting himself for a model of a virtuous husband, as he does, ought to be downright ashamed of himself.

Doubtless you've read the poem. What did you think of this part for instance?—

"No negro ever worked so hard, a servant's pay to save,
She made herself most willingly a household dradge and slave,
What wonder that she never read a magazine or book,
Combining as she did in one—nurse, housemaid, seamstress, cook!

* * * * * *

"I was her altar, and her love the sacrificial flame;
Ah! with what pure devotion she to that altar came,
And tearful flung thereon, alas! I did not know it then—
All that she was, and more than that, all that she might have been!?

If it is a fact that man is descended from the four legged animal kingdom, then it's a fact which accounts for several things otherwise hard to understand. For one thing it accounts for that innate, doggish, (I had half a mind to put it *dog-gone-it*, but on second thoughts concluded you wouldn't allow it) selfishness which is innate at the heart of every human being, when you come to peel him off like an onion, layer after layer, his polish, politeness, kindliness, and self-denyingness, and get at the real, hidden core of him. The onion metaphor is Miss Gail Hamilton's, not mine.

I say that Darwin's theory covers a multitude of sins, and accounts for a sight of beastliness in this world. When a man swindles another out of twenty thousand dollars, when a wife hangs like a millstone about her husband's neck till she drags him into his grave, or when a husband is such a husband as the fine, chivalrous person of Parson Nasby's poem, let us say it isn't the human being at all that puts them up to it, but the Simon-pure, old, original, unkicked dog in 'em.

By all means let us say that. Particularly when we read how Hannah Jane scrubs, scours, and skimps along, makes "two hundred dollars do the work of nine," and finally caps the sublime climax by taking her winter cloak to the tailor, and having it made over into a nice new coat for Abel, while she sits up at night sewing hickory shirts to pay for making it! Self-sacrifice can no farther go, when a woman will do the like of that, you may depend. But meanwhile, what's the blessed husband doing all this time? Why in the name of the gracious goodness doesn't he go out and clean streets awhile, or build railroads, or shovel coal a spell, and earn himself a new coat like a man? But no. The embryo judge folds his white fingers while Hannah Jane is working hers "stumpy," and at length warms his broad back with her winter cloak, and lets the poor thing freeze without any. Now by all the gods it's too contemptible to think about!

It's the principle at the bottom of it all, which is so mean, you see. A man raising himself head and shoulders above other men by standing upon the prostrate body of his wife! It's just as much murdering the poor woman as if he took a club and knocked her on the head, and put her out of her misery at once. It is accepting the lifetime labor of another without compensation. That is slavery. To let another, for your sake, crush out all the sweet, fair capabilities of his life, all the bright hope of future development, and become a beast of burden to you. That other may have been given genius, power, and brilliancy greater than your own, but with a brutal hand you snuff out the little spark, and bind its owner to a lifetime of servile toil, to accomplish your ambitions. It is one of the most pitiful, painful things in this life.

Self-martyrdom may be very lovely, but I pity that human being, man or woman, who is mean enough to accept the sacrifice. The unselfish devotion of a child to an aged, decrepit parent, is a beautiful thing, indeed, and a holy thing. So is the devotion of a parent to a helpless child, or even of a wife to a sick or disabled husband; but for a woman to turn her whole life, body, bones and brains, into one of slavery to a stout, healthy, self-seeking man—bah! it's disgusting. I've known a few of these slaveholding husbands and pack-horse wives; not many, and I'm glad to say that, but still enough to make a body wonder what the husbands' souls would look like, if one could peel off all the onion layers and come down to them. In truth I remembered one of these Abel Merriweathers the minute I read "Hannah Jane." The wife was a degree or two higher in the social scale than the husband, when they were married. Like Hannah Jane herself, "she was the better of the two," at first. From the beginning of their married life, the martyrdom commenced. The lady was gifted as a poetess. "All that she might have been," with her fine, rare capabilities, would have made her a shining star in the literary sky. But it was not to be.

Her husband gobbled up her life and swallowed it.

That was fifteen years ago. Now she is a pack-horse wife with stumpy fingers and scanty hair. That is all. The husband, with not much more than half her intellect, has climbed into renown. He makes eloquent speeches all over the United States; she irons his shirts and does the marketing. In the beginning, when they were poor, of mornings, she made the kitchen fire and went to market, in order that he, forsooth! might have his undisturbed morning nap in bed, and rest his mighty powers of mind. I think I see myself doing that sort of thing, especially for the likes of him! Well, the husband now takes delightful summer trips for his health. It's necessary, you know. The wife never goes with him, never, and indeed, though I've seen him a hundred times, I never yet saw his wife anywhere with him. He is particularly agreeable to the pretty girls. About once in two or three years, the wife spends a week among her relations in the country, always with a pile of red-headed, unwhipped children tagging after her. The might-have-been beautiful, brilliant woman is as dull a "clod" of a wife as ever man's selfishness made.

Maybe, if there is any merit in what she has done, which I doubt, the poor creature will get her reward in Heaven. That is the thought with which Abel Merriweather answers to his conscience for accepting the life of a woman. You remember that rubbish about a reward in the next world, how he'll "kick the beam," and Hannah Jane will be happy. Not much hopes of it, if she's still married to him, up there, I should say! She'll have to scour up Abel's golden crown, and wash and iron his white robes, all the time. Between ourselves, there is a sight of nonsense spoken and written about looking ahead into the next world for all one's happiness and all the good times. Parker Pillsbury says that instead of doing that, we ought to set to work with might and main and try to make a heaven while we are in the world, now, here, and at every moment. I believe him. But I'm afraid it won't come till the Abel Merriweathers all die. Besides, there isn't anything especially deserving of Heaven in the fact of rubbing a body's self entirely out in order to send somebody else to Congress. I can't see that it's serving God particularly. Indeed, so far from being rewarded in the next world, it's my opinion that Hannah Jane will get punished for being a fool.

She deserves it. What sort of a mother do you suppose such an ignorant clod of a woman would make? She will bring up her children to despise her in her old age, or at most they will look on her as a rather favorite old animal, who contributed to their comfort when they were babies. Between the mother and her children there will be an appalling gulf, which no mortal hand may bridge over. It is a mother's first duty and holiest privilege to be the guide and teacher of her little ones, to answer all their sweet questions, to give them a sure momentum towards a brave, noble life. Isn't it better to give the world two or three or half a dozen intelligent, high-minded men and women, than to send one poor, selfish spook of a man to Congress? A mother must keep at the head of her children, must educate herself if she is iguorant.

But Abel isn't quite satisfied with his pack-horse wife, H. J., after all, though she is just what he has made her. He confesses that when the stately dames and brilliant belles crowd around him and smile on him, he sometimes sighs: "Alas! it might have been." Dear! dear! I think I'd keep it to myself, if I did, instead of telling it in the newspapers.

"Think of me when it shall be well with thee," said Joseph of old.

The whole sweet philosophy of life, matrimony included, comes to the light in those beautiful words. To stand beside each other, to aid each other, to "think on" each other always, not to leave one behind, a poor, dumb, helpless spirit in prison, but to go up higher both together, as both may, gaining knowledge, wisdom, culture, happiness as they go. That is my idea of matrimony.

ZIG.

THE OLD STORY.

When visions of her face come o'er me,
Of her sweet face so far away,
I say what lovers said before me,
What lovers will forever say:
That flowers bloom sweeter for her being,
That birds sing sweeter for her seeing,
That grass is greener, skies more blue,
That all things take a richer hue.
Lovers have said these things before;
Lovers will say them evermore.
Oh, sweet, young love that in all ages,
Bears ever one eternal form!
With lasting youth your oldest pages
Glow, ever, ever bright and warm.
Oh, dear old story, ever young!
Poets have painted, artists sung,
Sure nought in life is half so sweet;
Death cannot make you incomplete.
Lovers have said these things before;
Lovers will say them evermore.

INCIDENTS OF THE STAGE.

Of comic incidents and accidents the story of the stage is full. Let us see if we can recall a few of them.

A certain Mrs. Hamilton was such a ponderous person that the "supers" had great difficulty in moving off the huge arm-chair in which she had just died, as Aspasia, in the tragedy of "Tamerlane." Seeing their trouble, the good-natured corpse whispered to them, in the words of Richard III.:—"Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down." And with a low curtsey to the audience, walked off to the grave without assistance.

A provincial actor, named Cook, was playing Achilles in "Iphigenia." He received immense applause, till the last act, when his memory suddenly failed him. Instead of interrupting himself to listen to the prompter, thereby losing the effect of a brilliant exit, he continued to the close of the scene, uttering a succession of incoherent words in a splendid declamatory style, and then rushed off the stage in the midst of thunders of applause.

This is by no means an incredible story. It is easy to deceive the minds and ears of a crowd by gesture, delivery, facial expression, eye and voice.

One of the most singular examples of this was given in 1793, by Dugazon, then the idol of the hour. He was standing at the wings between the act of a tragedy. All at once, he threw Othello's scarlet mantle over his shoulders, had the curtain rung up, and stalked to the footlights. Fixing his haggard eyes upon them, he said, in a sepulchral voice:—"One lamp! two lamps! three lamps!" and so on up to ten, moving majestically, and impressing on each exclamation an ascending vigor, so well accentuated and so serious, that he held the audience breathless, stupefied, and enchained under the pressure of a tremendous magnetism. Then he folded his drapery haughtily, and stalked off the stage like a hero agitated by the most fiery passion. Thunders of applause followed him.

An actor, who was playing Clavde Melnotte, lost his memory to such an extent in the scene where he makes love to Pauline, and describes the imaginary splendors of his villa on the Lake of Como, that the prompter was obliged to come to his relief and recite the whole passage in a loud voice. Claude was cool enough, however, to do his part, by saying, "Tell me, dearest, do you like the picture," turning to the prompter "which this gentleman has been kind enough to submit to your consideration?"

One of the principal actors of the Comedie Francaise stopped short in this passage of a tragedy—"When I was in Rome"—he repeated this two or three times, but could not get on. Seeing that the prompter was neglecting his duty, he turned angrily to him, and called out, "Well, you rascal, what was I doing when I was in Rome?"

DIAMONDS IN SHAVING BRUSHES

The following story is vouched for as entirely correct in every particular, and will be found interesting by dealers in shaving brushes and parties who use them:—

"About eighteen years ago, two gentlemen of this city—well known in mercantile circles—purchased two shaving brushes from the drug house of Plumb & Leitner. The brushes were of the ordinary kind, and cost, we suppose, about fifty cents each. The brushes were kept at the barber shops and at the homes of the purchasers until about two years ago, when they seemed wore out, and were used by the children as playthings. One of the brushes was lost, but a few days ago a singular discovery was made in relation to the other; while a little boy was playing with it the top became unscrewed, and in the hollow handle a valuable diamond was discovered set in the wood, and carefully covered with pink cotton. The exact value of the stone is not known, but it is of pure water and good size.

There are many conjectures as to how the gem came to be in the handle of the brush, the most plausible of which is that it was placed there by smugglers. Before the war, some importer of precious stones, who wished to evade the heavy import duty on such articles, placed them in shaving brushes, and in this way brought them under the nose of the custom-house officers without creating the suspicions of the latter. Afterwards, the enterprising jeweler forgot to remove some of the jewels, and the brushes went into the hands of the druggists. It is highly probable that there will be a thorough examination of shaving brushes during the next twenty-four hours."—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.*

☞ A New Haven doctor quieted a clamorous landlord by showing him a skeleton in a closet, and saying that "that man came here just two weeks ago with a bill."

O SOFT SPRING AIRS!

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Come up, come up, O soft spring airs,
Come from your silver shining seas,
Where all day long you toss the wave
About the low and palm-plumed keys!

Forsake the spicy lemon groves,
The balms and blisses of the South,
And blow across the longing land
The breath of your delicious mouth.

Come from the almond bough you stir,
The myrtle thicket where you sigh—
Oh, leave the nightingale, for here
The robin whistles far and nigh!

For here the violet in the wood
Thrills with the sweetness you shall take,
And wrapped away from life and love
The wild rose dreams, and fain would wake.

For here in reed and rush and grass,
And tiptoe in the dark and dew,
Each seed of the brown earth aspires
To meet the sun, the sun and you.

Then come, O fresh spring airs, once more
Create the old delightful things,
And woo the frozen world again
With hints of heaven upon your wings!

PERSONAL.

THE King of Siam is afraid of ghosts.

DISSATISFIED with Forster's "Life of Dickens," young Mr. Dickens proposes to undertake the story of his father's career, believing he can do it better.

BEFORE leaving Cuba, Alexis gave $2000 to the poor of Havana.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ has been unfortunate in South America with one jar of curious fishes. They were caught, dissected with great care, deposited in alcohol, and delivered to a servant for safe-keeping. Next morning, when the professor inquired for them, the obsequious darky took him out to the kitchen, where the unique specimens were reposing in the frying-pan, nearly ready for breakfast.

ALL but one of Queen Victoria's ladies in waiting are widows.

SPEAKING of the great and good P. S. Gilmore, a wild man in the Boston Commercial Bulletin gives the following as the new words to be sung to the "Marseillaise" at the Jubilee—

"Allon ortoux galant patriquesse
Guilmaur, lejacquise grete tousseor,
Theiste; seao mehls succes
Digretre stilloul prus;"

and then favors his readers with the following translation—

"All honor to gallant Patrick S.
Gilmore; his pluck is great, to say
The least; so may his success
Be greater still, we pray."

MISS NILSSON made her debut in this country in concert at Steinway hall, on September 18, 1870, and sang, during the season that followed, in 120 concerts. On the evening of October 23, 1871, she made her debut in New York in opera, appearing with Brignoli in "Lucia di Lammermoor." She has sung so far in one hundred operatic performances. Her farewell engagement begins April 15, in Philadelphia. She is engaged as the principal attraction at Drury Lane, in Her Majesty's opera, during the summer season. In the fall she makes her debut at the Imperial opera house, St. Petersburg, and her engagements in Europe are of such a nature that it is extremely doubtful if she return to America before many years have past. She will then reappear under another name, as her marriage takes place in Paris early in the fall.

AN ASTRONOMICAL FACT.

Two persons were born at the same place, at the same moment of time. After an age of fifty years they both died, also at the same place and at the same instant, yet one had lived one hundred days more than the other. How was this possible? Not to keep our friends in suspense, the solution turns on a curious, but with a little reflection, a very obvious point in circum-navigation. A person going around the world towards the west loses a day—and towards the east, he gains one. Supposing, then, two persons born together at the Cape of Good Hope, whence a voyage round the world may be performed in a year; if one performs this constantly towards the west, in fifty years he will be fifty days behind the stationary inhabitants; and if the other sail equally toward the east, he will be fifty days in advance of them. One, therefore, will have seen one hundred days more than the other, though they were born and died in the same place and at the same moment, and even lived continually in the same latitude, and reckoned time by the same calandar. [*Note.*—The days of one, however, were longer than those of the other.]

A DANGEROUS DESK.

The Washington Patriot says: "There is a desk in one of the divisions of the Internal Revenue Bureau, which has become the object of quite a lively contest for possession by the lady clerks employed in that office, inasmuch that every lady clerk who has been assigned thereto has had the good fortune to date her matrimonial felicity from the time of its occupancy. Two very attractive and intelligent employees of the Bureau, Miss J. and Miss H., have within two years been led from the desk to the hymenial altar; and a third, a blushing and beautiful widow, now the fortunate possessor will, if report be true, shortly follow the example of her predecessors. Several extremely handsome, amiable, and excellent lady clerks, belonging to the division, are watching with tender anxiety for the moment to arrive when the next vacancy shall occur, with a view to the contingent advantage attaching thereto. A number of crusty bachelors, who deserve scourging for their selfish and malicious sentiments, denominate this the "Dangerous Desk," and are in mortal fear of its influence.

OUR ALASKA COUSINS.

Now that Alaska with all its treasures is ours, the fashions followed by the female natives ought to be of interest to our ladies. According to a British Columbia paper, our sisters at Sitka wears a body dress of equal proportion of furs and dirt, arranged to suit the taste of the wearers. The married ladies all wear silver rings in their noses and needles through their lower lips, while elderly ladies add to their irresistible charms a "stopper," whatever that may be, in the upper lip. Their amusements are yet restricted to gambling and drinking whisky. The law of divorce is rendered unnecessary in Alaska, from a habit they have of getting married for a limited number of months, the consideration for which is paid in fish, bones, whale oil and old junk.

THE Commercial Advertiser has one of the bad spelling correspondents, who writes from Africa in this style:

"Hear we are, on Afriky's burnin' shore,
or, as the poit wud say—

On Afrik's C heat shore I stand.

We are fur away from sivilization—from Kongress, and from your faul sitty. Here all is peas. The prime-evil forest is beanchiful to B hold. It iz a sweet place. I like the negrows. They are a kontented people. They don't want nothing, and the kuntry iz full of them. There iz no Court House, no Amerikus Klub, no Taminy Hall, and no Grely statoot in this place."

OUR CALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY SADIE BEATTY.

When the vesper bells are pealing
At the hour of eventide,
And when the shadows dim are stealing
O'er the hill-tops far and wide,
Hear you never
Voices whispering at your side?

Voices from the distant regions
Of the years forever fled,
Voices from the shadowy legions
Of the loved and early dead,
Low and solemn,
With an admonition dread?

Voices from the great hereafter,
Faintly heard through coming years,
Voices filled with silvery laughter,
Voices tremulous with tears,
Spirit-whispers
Thrilling all thy soul with fears?

From the past with memories teeming
Say they with a meaning true,
Sit not down in idle dreaming
O'er the moments gone from you,
Up and onward,
There is work for you to do!

From the future they are calling
Where the hope-stars ever shine,
And their tender accents falling
Seem a message all divine,
Weary pilgrim,
Do thy work and rest is thine.

Mortal, 'tis thy God who calls thee
In these voices whispering near,
Lest when death at last befalls thee,
Unredeemed the past appear,
And the future
Is the heaven we long for here.

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

MARK JARRETT MAKES A COMPACT WITH HIS DAISY.

Mark Jarrett's Daisy is in London. London, the metropolis of the world. London, a city which is in itself as it were a nation—which includes in its huge embrace the highest types of immaculate purity and piety, and the very lowest and most degraded forms of infamy and inconceivable sin. The safest and yet the most insecure abode for innocence and guileless simplicity, and the very steaming hot-bed of temptation to iniquity, garbed in the most seductive aspects. London, in which humanity has every facility to be, and very happily frequently is sinless and saint-like—but, alas, has also, unhappily, yet greater facilities for descending into the extremest depths of wickedness and crime.

Mark Jarrett's Daisy, whose face was the reflex of unsullied purity, untainted thoughts, of unabrazed innocency, arrived in the Babylon of to-day, to be submitted to some ordeal—she could not imagine what or wherefore. She did not attempt to conjecture, she did not, in truth, have any idea that she had to undergo any particular trial beyond that Mark Jarrett had frequently imposed arduous tasks upon her in a tyrannical kind of way, and she had obeyed him, for it was her nature to be docile and obedient, except when her native instinct of what was wrong or improper was infringed, and then she was immovable.

Mark Jarrett found this out at an early date, and he knew that if he desired to make her an instrument of any secret design for vengeance he must induce her to act in unconsciousness of the result. He had hitherto done so, and he intended to follow up the plan.

It may seem strange that he should have selected such a beautiful young creature with such a malevolent purpose; but those who hunger to achieve some bitter revenge employ the tools they think best fitted to effect their object, and Daisy was Mark Jarrett's.

It was not exactly an absurd or short-sighted resolve, for the history of the world teaches us that some terrible ministers of vengeance have been beautiful young girls.

London, however, was not unknown to Daisy, for part of her education, acquired with the very severest and almost incessant application, had been gained there. Mark Jarrett had to a certain extent directed her studies; and any particular accomplishment for which he said he believed she had a specialty he insisted she should excel in. As time was an object—he did not reveal wherefore—the lark often sprang from his nest anticipated by her, and the hour of midnight tolled before she dared lay her poor, worried, aching little head upon her pillow.

Fortunately, she was apt; that which she really liked she pursued with avidity, and in her proficiency really excelled. In the acquisition of languages, drawing, music—vocal and instrumental—dancing, horsemanship, swimming, archery, and many out-door sports, suitable more to the opposite sex than to her own, for which she had a taste, she surpassed most, if not all, her competitors; but she had scarcely had the time to practice, and very little of the inclination to rival Penelope with her needle, or to perform the duties of a housewife in the art and practice of domestic economy.

After an absence of two or three years, she was once more back to the scene of her arduous labors; and from her pensive aspect it did not seem that she was particularly overjoyed by the change.

Mark Jarrett had selected a house in which she had never set foot before. It was a detached villa, standing in its own grounds, and those rather extensive, in the northern part of St. John's wood. It was set back from a road, which was surrounded and approached by other roads, as a path nearing the centre of a maze would be. It was encompassed by a high brick wall, and was entered by a carriage-way in front, by folding gates in the rear, and by a door in the side, of which Mark Jarrett alone kept the key.

In a beautifully-furnished dressing-room overlooking the wooded heights of Mill Hill and Barnet, sat Mark Jarrett's Daisy, silently and pensively, in the hands of a maid, who was brushing, and it seemed almost fondling, her long, profuse, beautiful hair.

Daisy's large, purple-tinted, soft, velvety eyes were fastened on the hills before her, but her thoughts were far from the place on which she appeared to be gazing. Her maid, a rather tall, somewhat massively developed girl, with a pretty face, and a clear white complexion, was doing all the talking without faltering or flagging—exhaustlessly. Like her young mistress, she was deeply plunged in thought; but that circumstance imposed no check upon her tongue, for she was chattering upon that theme which is a fruitful one in the mouths of young maidens—love.

That is to say, she was talking at it, above it, below it, all round it, but not quite touching it. Daisy did not heed a word that fell from her lips, even though her thoughts unconsciously were tinged with the same rose-colored hue.

Yet quite suddenly and insensibly she joined in the conversation, and betrayed a rather absorbing interest in it.

The girl, whose name was Margaret Blythdale, and was known to her relations, friends, and acquaintances under the several names of Mag, Madge, Meggy, and Maggy, was known to a Mr. Tibshelf Tart under the name of Meg, and although she had turned up a by no means indifferently shaped nose at Tibshelf Tart, she subsequently took a fancy to be called Meg in preference to all the familiar diminutives. She said it sounded more "fond-like," more "affectionate."

And this was a point upon which she had been enlarging, namely, what she was fond of, and what she couldn't "abear." Whom she felt disposed to flood with the sunshine of her smile, and whom she was careless of petrifying by her frowns.

For some time no name exuded through these sentiments; but ultimately she began to lament that it was not possible for a poor girl to have the young man whom she liked the *best*—intimating that there was a crowd she had a fondness for relatively—exactly what she would wish in size, shape, looks, weight, and strength.

"Deary me," she proceeded, loquaciously, "it is very trying when you know a young man's nature, and know that it is true blue, and feel—and feel that you wouldn't the least mind going to church with him—that you'd sooner do it than live at home with mother, and nothing to do but eat morning, noon, and night—and then he should turn out to be a foot shorter, and at least half a hundred weight lighter, than you want him to. Size and weight are a great object in a husband, Miss. He has to work for you, and fight for you, if you want him to protect you from impedence; so, of course, twelve inches and seventy-six pounds is too much to throw off."

She shook her head sorrowfully.

"One might manage to drop three inches, and say a stone—that's a good deal; but three stone twelve and a foot—it's awful."

She sighed heavily, and sniffed audibly. She bit her lip, and could not for a minute see the hair she was brushing.

"He's got a pretty face, too—pretty as any gal's I ever see," she proceeded, drawing her breath by spasms. "And a heart—if he was only as big as his heart; but he ain't. There's such a little of him—hardly a handful. I'm sure I could make one arm meet round him. I'll try next time I see him, that I will. I'm glad he's got into such a good place. It's a very good thing, isn't it, Miss Daisy?"

"What is a good thing, Margaret?" responded Daisy?" sighing languidly, after Margaret had repeated her remark thrice.

"That Tibby Tot has got such a good place, miss," said the girl, weaving Daisy's long tresses into delicate plaits with remarkable skill.

"Who is Tibby Tot?" asked Daisy, with faint smile and elevated eyebrows.

"Don't you know Tib Tot, miss?" ejaculated the girl, with surprise. "Why he used to ride light-weight and feather-weight for the Marquis of Hailsham; but wasting went against his grain and his figure. Should think it did, too; it's made a weasel of him. So he's gone as groom and valet to young Mr. Wilfred Rokeby."

"To whom?" exclaimed Daisy, rising up in her seat, and pulling her hair out of Margaret's hands by the action of turning round to look in her face.

"Young Mr. Rokeby," said the girl, a little startled. She fancied she had in some way pulled her young mistress by the hair a little too hard. "Young Mr. Wilfred, of Fairholme Priors. You know Mrs. Rokeby, miss, well enough. You have, as Abel Stoke says, beated her in the field a good many times. Young Mr. Wilfred is her only son. I suppose you don't know him, Miss Daisy?"

Daisy instantly recovered her self-possession, although she could not prevent face, forehead, neck, ears, changing to a bright and lovely pink hue.

She leaned back in her chair again, and adopted her former listless attitude; but her sense of hearing had quickened amazingly.

Presently she said, quietly and evasively—

"I have heard of Mr. Wilfred Rokeby."

"Ah! but I have seen him, miss," pursued the girl, screwing up eyes and mouth, as if she was thinking of strawberries, and peaches, and raspberry-jam.

"So have I, too," thought Daisy, with a sigh.

"He is such a fine, handsome, high-spirited young fellow," proceeded Maggy, with animation.

Poor little Daisy sighed softly again.

"What a beautiful face he has," quoth Maggy, plaiting nimbly, and still thinking raspberry-jam and nectarines.

Daisy squeezed her tiny hands together, as she thought—

"He has, indeed, a beautiful face."

"If Tib now was only his size and weight," observed Maggy, reflectively, "what a happy girl I should be. To think ten or twelve inches, neck and heels, and seventy pounds in scale, should make such a tremenjus difference."

Maggy plaited away at the hair in an irritated spirit; but Daisy, with unconscious cunning, remained silent. She expected to hear more.

So she did.

Presently the girl, with a silent laugh, said—

"Saw little Tib a day or two before we came away in such a fluster. I was obliged to run again him by accident, for the mouse is too proud to come sneaking after me. Says he is rubbing his j'ints with lubricatin' ile mornin', noon, an' night; ties seven-pound weights to his ankles, and swings from a trap-py—trappis, I think he calls it—for a hour in the morning and a hour at night, and eats solid food. He! he! he! Says he's stretched half a inch, and weighs three pounds more in scale. If he'll only persevere!"

"Did he—a—speak—of—his master?" faltered Daisy, and then bit her lip for having put the question, for her cheek glowed more brilliantly than ever.

"Full about him, miss," returned Maggy, quickly and enthusiastically. "Likes him, oh—oh—ever so much!"

Daisy felt cold about the fingers, and trembled. She listened intently.

"Tib says he's a gentleman out and out," pursued Maggy, loquaciously. "He says he has a noble heart, and the hand of a prince; says he's got the spirit and bravery of the Red—I mean the proud British lion, and he's just and generous, and kind and affable, and is the sweetest disposition—though he did chuck a gentleman over a fence into a ditch for cutting a poor boy across the face with his riding-whip. But that showed how tender-arted he was."

There was a little glittering in Maggy's eyes as she uttered the last sentences, for she would have given something for the chance to have helped toss that gentleman over the hedge.

Daisy's cheeks burned more fiercely, and pressed her hand on her heart, as if she had an ache there.

"Tib says that he wouldn't mind going in for a dozen rounds with a tall 'un for Mr. Wilfred's sake, miss, even if he was took home on a stretcher, he do like him so," Maggy proceeded, garrulously. "Tib is a plucky little fellow. What a shame it is he is so small! They call him the stable mouse at the Priors."

"He must be a very good little man," ventured Daisy, taking Tib at once into her good graces.

Maggy shook her head.

"Ah, miss," she answered, dejectedly, "he is a good sort; but like all good things in this world, there isn't half enough of him."

There was a silence.

Maggy did not take her trouble quite kindly. It was so "redik'lus," she thought, to feel such a strong partiality for one who barely reached five feet, and could hardly draw seventy-six pounds in the scale, while she was herself five feet four, and weighed at least a hundred and forty-five pounds.

Daisy broke the stillness after a little, venturing to ask—

"Does the little man know you have come to London, Margaret?"

"Margaret" did not detect the latent motive that prompted this question, and she did not like any one to refer to Tib's diminutiveness but herself. She reddened, and replied, a little resentfully—

"The young man's name, if you please, miss, is Tibshelf Tart."

Daisy raised her eyes to the glass, and with surprise saw that the girl's face was red, and that she was giving her head two or three angry jerks. For a moment she was disconcerted; but almost immediately the truth occurred to her, and she chuckled inwardly with innocent mischief.

"You have not answered my question, Margaret," she remarked, with pretended gravity.

"Of course he don't, Miss Daisy," she returned, in an offended tone. "Nobody know'd of it but master. How could I let him know?"

Daisy looked up through her long silken eyelashes at the girl's grave countenance, and with a scarcely repressed smile, said, softly, but with a wonderful artfulness—

"So, if poor Mr. Tibshelf should come to London, he will not have the least idea where you are, and will be quite unable to ever see you again for a very, very long time. We shall not, I am sadly afraid, return to the Grange again for a long, long while."

Maggy burst into a laugh, and recovered her good humor again.

"Mister Tibshelf," she cried mirthfully; "*Mister* Tibshelf—why, he is not tall enough to be called mister, miss. He is only just about the height to be called Tib. Ah, Miss Daisy," she added, with a slight sigh, "don't you fear. I'll let him know where I am. He won't come if I don't, I'm sure of that; there's nothing of the prowler about Tib."

Daisy shrank back into silence again.

"Don't you fear," was too much in accordance with her secret wish that Tibshelf should find his way there, because he was groom to Wilfred, and being groom to Wilfred, the latter might learn where Mark Jarrett's Daisy had taken up her abode after her flight from the Grange.

She was afraid the girl had detected her real motive, and therefore she deemed it advisable not to pursue this subject any further.

Indeed, she would not have had the opportunity if she had wished, for she was hastily summoned to attend Mark Jarrett in his study, and Margaret had to finish her toilet too quickly to dwell longer upon the height, weight, and other merits of the youth who had crept into her best graces in spite of her self-derision.

Chastely and elegantly attired, looking as graceful and as aristocratic in her grace as the daughter of the noblest peer in the realm, yet perfectly natural in her loveliness, and singularly attractive, for a peculiar artlessness and sweetness of manner she possessed, Daisy entered Mark Jarrett's presence, evidently unconscious that any of the above qualifications were all her own, and shone conspicuously in her appearance and motion.

Mark Jarrett was struck very forcibly by her charms, for a gleam of sunlight fell upon her as she advanced, and she looked the incarnation of a sunbeam flitting towards him.

An exclamation escaped his lips, and he leaned back in his chair, and covered his eyes with his hand.

For a moment an expression of softness passed over his features, as it might over the face of one who relents having formed some vindictive design; but almost immediately he withdrew his hand impatiently from his brow, and he gazed sternly at the beautiful young creature before him from beneath his bushy, contracted brows.

"Sit, Daisy," he said, somewhat harshly, but not hastily. "Sit there before me, and near to me. I wish to speak with you on grave matters, and I desire you, not only to give all your attention to what I shall observe to you, but to be prepared to yield to me unqualified obedience."

A shade passed over her brow as she heard this; but it was only transient. It rested for a moment, and then it was gone.

She seated herself in the chair to which he had directed her attention, and she turned her fair, sweet face to him, to hear what he was about to submit to her, intuitively feeling that there would be a mental reservation on the point of "unqualified obedience."

After a brief silence, as if he were collecting his thoughts, he said, with a slight emphasis—

"You are nineteen to-day. You do not know that—"

She shook her head negatively.

"No," he proceeded, with a noiseless laugh. "The whole cycle of your knowledge not a little extensive for a girl of your years, thanks to your application and to my firmness, does not include a knowledge of the circumstances connected with your personal history. You do not know your origin, your paternity, your very name—you know nothing of yourself but that you are Mark Jarrett's Daisy."

Daisy did not move, did not wince, did not disturb her lips; nor did she remove her eyes from their settled gaze upon his face.

"My Daisy, my flower of the field—found by me—where I alone know—reared by me for a destiny I alone shall name and control. Do you not see—do you not feel—how helpless you are?"

"Helpless," repeated Daisy, almost indignantly.

"Ay," he repeated, with an acrid bitterness. "Without my aid, my protection, my support, helpless and hopeless. Let us suppose a position. You are approaching an age of wilfullness. You will receive impressions, form opinions, imbibe notions—in all probability extravagant notions. You will decide upon the course you will pursue, not because it is the best, but because it is one you at the time prefer. Not because I shall approve of it, but for the all-sufficient reason it is your predominating wish. You might—no doubt would—make a pretence of regret, if I should interpose objections—that I was unable to see matters through the medium of your eyes; but you would hold to your own will, nevertheless. Now, assuming that you insisted upon acting in opposition to my commands, and I were to cast you forth upon the world—to abandon you—make you a homeless, penniless outcast—what would you do? What could you do?"

Whatever thoughts raced through Daisy's mind on this rather terrible proposition being submitted to her, she did not betray them by the alteration of a muscle of her face or a quiver of an eyelid.

She sat motionless, and kept her eyes rivetted on his face.

"You are silent, he resumed, after awaiting her reply; "silent, because you cannot see a path in the cloudy maze that suggestion presents to you. I have kept you from the contact of acquaintances who are insincere, and of friends who are false; the first prey upon you, the second are unreliable and treacherous. If you should compel me to thrust you forth—when I have discarded, abandoned you—seek a friend among my sex. You will not find one who would not ruthlessly destroy you! Search for one among your own, and if you can, discover her who would not assail you with scorn—with pitiless disdain—and turn her back upon you to starve and die for all she cared."

Still Daisy made no sign. She neither evinced wonder, fear, or horror, but sat like a petrified human figure, and if there had not been once or twice a slightly spasmodic movement of her throat, she would not have seemed to feel one word she heard.

"Still silent," he added, impatiently, after a pause. "Do you not see the picture as I have word-painted it?"

"As you have word-painted it—yes," she replied, with distinctness.

"And you comprehend the penalty of disobedience to me?" he said, gazing at her face with a penetrating look.

"I comprehend the penalty, as you describe it," she answered, faintly, yet firmly.

He drew breath.

"Daisy," he said, with a slow deliberation, "I never remember having heard you breathe a word—never ask one solitary question respecting your parents, have you ever thought of them?"

A rush of bright water instantly filled up her eyelids, and glittering tears coursed down her fair cheeks.

He could see that her heart was too full to utter a word.

"I am answered," he ejaculated, softly, and he bit his nether lip as if to repress emotion, yet the expression on his colorless features was as cold, as rigid, and as austere as before.

"You are known to that portion of the world with which you have as yet been in contact as Mark Jarrett's Daisy, the Wild-flower of Hazelbrook," he resumed, with slow deliberation. "None of the gaping wanderers who have seen you by accident, at some unexpected moment, flitting about the neighborhood of the old Grange, in unusual spots, and at unseasonable hours, almost always under exceptional circumstances, know you but by the appellation I gave to you, or by the one coined by the country folks, who used to see you, like an elf or Will-o'-the-wisp, frisking, leaping, bounding in the copses and thickets of the woods, an animated living flower, and the wildest among the indigenous flowers growing there. They saw you unrestrained, a little sylvan spirit. They saw you laughing and shrieking with childish joy, seated on the bare back of an untrained two-year-old thoroughbred colt, clinging to its mane for a bridle, and urging it by mad cries into frantic flight over ridges where bold riders would have turned pale to follow you. They called you the Wildflower of Hazelbrook, for they believed that you lived, moved, acted, according to the impulses of your wild fancies, untrammelled, unrestrained, and that you were my 'Daisy,' because, out of doting fondness for you, I imposed no restrictions on your actions. Yet your quick intelligence must already have told you your rustic title was a mere appellation, and not the name which was given to you at the church font."

"I have long been conscious of that," she answered, without a wavering note in her voice.

"That you have never heard it, I know," he rejoined, with a grim smile. "I alone can reveal it, and I have not communicated it to a living creature. You are eaten up with a yearning to know it, eh?"

"No," she answered, flatly and emphatically.

He started very perceptibly, for he was quite unprepared for this answer. He gazed into her clear, bright face, and said, sharply,

"You do not comprehend the value of a name. You do not know how society would turn up its nose and purse its lips at such a name as you now bear."

Her brows contracted a little.

"I am content to bear it," she said, firmly.

He seemed utterly confounded by her answer. Suddenly a thought flashed through his mind. Once more a grim smile flitted over his face, and he settled his eyes yet more steadfastly upon her, as he remarked, with a faint tinge of contempt in the curl of his lip—

"You say that out of compliment to me, I surmise. You have known no guardian, guide, or friend but me," he presently observed. "When a prattling, toddling girl of four or five summers, it was your delight to climb my knee, to pull my hair out by handfuls, and when I affected tears you would twine your little arms around my neck, kiss me, weep with me, and promise not to be wicked and willful again. That was your childish love for me. Advancing years have not much changed this tenderness, save in its mere form. You have been always gentle in your mien to me, have always displayed a kind of caressing affection exhibited to no other person; is it because a suspicion has crossed your mind that I have—have—have a father's claim to it?"

She rose to her feet instantaneously yet quietly, but with unmistakable decision. With a firm but graceful movement, she drew herself to her full height, and bent the sharp, bright light from her large, lustrous eyes upon his. There was not a waver in her eyelid, nor a faltering note in her voice, as she said, in a clear, ringing, not loud tone—

"Never! Not at any moment which I can recall by the severest effort of memory. It could not."

"Could not," he repeated, springing to his feet in his turn. "Could not! Wherefore not?"

"An overpowering instinct—I know no other word for it—teaches me, has forced itself upon me, that you are not my father," she returned, in the same decisive way.

He remained silent for at least a minute. It was evident that a crowd of thoughts were struggling fiercely in his mind. At length he said, sternly—

"Then your assumption of daughterly affection was, in fact, artful dissimulation."

"Your remark is ungenerous, because you must know it to be untrue," she answered, with some excitement. "I have ever been to you all I have seemed. I have not, do not ask wherefore I am in your exclusive care; why from my earliest childhood I have been in your sole custody. It is enough that such has been, is my position. I owe everything I possess or have acquired to you. I owe much, very much kindness and generous consideration to you—many a smile, where, by thoughtless waywardness, I have deserved a frown. You have been the only one in this world whom I have had to look up to, and you have proved yourself a friend, a protector, and benefactor, there being none whom I know to aid or help me if I needed their assistance. I have never tendered you, for all your goodness to me, a daughter's love. I could not. My heart, my nature, my inmost soul, recoiled, when I have thought it my duty, and I have tried to do it with a yearning earnestness. But I am grateful to you. Oh, indeed, Mark Jarrett, I am deeply, deeply grateful to you. I feel intensely the nature of my obligation. I am overwhelmingly impressed with a sense of my indebtedness to you. I have done, I will do anything in the world I may do, if it becomes me, a young girl, to do, to repay that obligation. Ay, even if it imperil my life—I may almost declare if it involve my happiness."

He flung his hands in the air, and closed them together with a sharp sound.

"It is all I ask," he cried, exultantly. And then added, with emphatic significance, as if there was a latent menace in his tone, "I hold you to that self-offered proposition. I will call upon you to repay the obligations under which you labor to me. I may not exact much—I may press my claim to the very utmost limit of your endurance—but it is I, and I alone, who shall cry quittance."

"I assent," she answered, in a resolute tone, "reserving my right to refuse to do aught at which my sense of rectitude shrinks."

A curious smile curled his lip as he heard this limitation, and he returned, in a sarcastic tone—

"I know your sensitive rectitude. It urged you to gallop along the extreme edge of a precipice, to rescue from a possible danger a creature who scorns and hates you, and whom I—I—. But that for another time. I do not fear that your sense of rectitude will make you shrink from the instructions I purpose giving to you. At least," he added, mentally, "not in the way I shall present them to you."

As the sensitive plant closes it leaves even at the approach of a dense black cloud in the heavens, so Daisy's features and frame seemed to contract at this allusion to Mrs. Rokeby. She remembered his instructions to Abel Stoke respecting the destination of the fox, and the application of the whip-handle to the head of Elfrite. She saw what a frightful result those directions involved, and her blood curdled as she reflected that instructions given to herself with a secret, terrible purpose, might wear a very different complexion when submitted to her—that, acting in good faith, and with perfectly innocent intention, she might become the active minister of a ruthless design.

At first she was impelled to add materially to the qualification she had appended to her assent; but that quick intelligence he had praised suggested to her silence, because she foresaw that when a task was imposed upon her by Mark Jarrett she would have the opportunity of investigating it before she actually executed it, or, at least, while engaged in its performance; and if any really wicked intent was aimed at, it would then be in her power to render it nugatory, if not avert it altogether.

He startled her by adding to his observations, abruptly—

"The woman you saved at the hazard of your own life is resolved still to wage a war with you for supremacy—to follow you into the new sphere in which you are to shine, and out-dazzle you with the brilliant charms of herself, or her fair niece, Gabrielle Luttrell, the betrothed of her son. Mrs. Rokeby has sold her stud, and having copied my example, is about to follow us to London. Let her come! You shall contest the ground with her inch by inch. You shall cut the ground from beneath the feet of her aristocratic blonde niece—my scornful and imperious—I mean the— Ha!"

This exclamation was extorted by the sudden apparition of a young, fashionably and elegantly dressed female, who, having opened the room door noiselessly, stood surveying the pair through a gold eyeglass.

Mark Jarrett sprang to his feet. Taking Daisy hastily by the hand, he led her towards the stranger, and addressing her in an almost obsequious tone, said, to Daisy's unequivocal surprise—

"Permit me without the least delay to present to you the pupil you have so generously and kindly undertaken to prepare for the routine of a London fashionable life. This is the wild-flower of whom I have spoken to you. This, Miss Lois, is my 'Daisy.'"

The young lady surveyed her pupil that was to be through her glass, and in a sprightly, "fluty" tone of voice, with a very strong dash of affectation in it, exclaimed, with, at least, unaffected wonder—

"Oh, oh! oh dear me! What a pr-r-retty, pr-r-r-retty flower! What a sweetly pretty flower!"

She extended both her hands, and taking Daisy's in them, pressed them.

At the same time, Mark Jarrett, in a tone of peculiar significance, said to the latter—

"Daisy, you will find a friend and a very pleasant companion in the Honorable Miss Lois Gray."

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. ROKEBY ENLISTS THE SERVICES AND SYMPATHIES OF HER SON.

Mrs. Rokeby was received, as she entered her son's apartment, much as a queen would be by her court suite. Much of this was due to her stately and commanding mien, and to that natural dignity which, when it is called into action, at once repels familiarity.

She was suave enough when it suited her temper—could attract the most timid to her side, and enchain them by her affability and freedom—her very lightness of manner; but when it accorded with her purpose she was unapproachable, save with positive deference.

Both Wilfred and Gabrielle—especially the latter—saw by her present mood that she was not in the vein for anything approaching sprightliness of conversation, and they, therefore, at once adopted a staid deportment.

Bertie, whose memory went to show that his aunt had always exhibited the greatest partiality for him—that she had laughed at his mischief and encouraged his pranks—had romped with him, and made him, when staying at Dovedale Manors, feel the happiest boy in the world—felt very much disposed to approach her in the same joyous way he had always done in days gone by; but he saw at a flash that her face was pale and marked, that she looked out of health, and that her mouth, by its restless working, indicated trouble of the mind.

Nevertheless, he advanced to her with a degree of boyish enthusiasm, held out both his hands, and with undisguised feeling exclaimed, heartily—

"My dear aunt—my very dear aunty! I am so glad—so very glad to be with you again after so long an absence!"

Mrs. Rokeby, who had not got him in her mind when she entered, as soon as she heard his voice and saw his face, retreated a pace or two, and a little cry escaped her lips.

She looked from him to Wilfred, and back again to him.

"Can it be possible?" she muttered to herself. "What an extraordinary resemblance!"

"Immensely—absurdly remarkable!" acceded Gabrielle, in her quiet, affected tones. "If I ever marry Willy, as the horrid Fates seem to will, we shall have to banish Bertie from our domestic circle, or the oddest mistakes may arise."

This sally fell on barren ground, for Mrs. Rokeby, with a sudden fervor, caught Bertie in her arms, and kissed him on both cheeks with much warmth.

"You are very welcome, Bertie," she exclaimed, as she wrung his hands, "and none the less welcome for the strange change which has occurred in your personal appearance."

"Because I have grown like your pet Willy," he suggested. "At least, so my fair, my very fair, Cousin Gabrielle assures me."

"Gabrielle, no doubt, has a quick eye for resemblances," she rejoined, with a covert irony which Gabrielle alone understood; "but it is not alone that you resemble Wil, but that you strikingly resemble your dear mother, that my pleasure in seeing you is enhanced."

"My mother! Did you know her, aunt dear?" he asked, with a sudden eagerness.

"Did I know her?" ejaculated Mrs. Rokeby, as if she had been asked whether she knew her own son. "Was she not as dear to me as my very self? Know her? I have loved nothing on earth so well. I would have parted with my life blissfully to have secured her a longer and happier term."

Bertie gazed at her in speechless wonder; thick, glittering tears stood in his eyes. Wilfred was not less amazed, and Gabrielle stared at her as if she thought she had taken leave of her senses.

Mrs. Rokeby removed with a sudden movement of her handkerchief some hot and bitter tears, which scalded her cheeks as they rolled down them; and with an impatient wrestling with some inward impulses, which strove to betray themselves, but which she kept back with a strong hand, she said to Bertie—

"My dear boy, every family has its history and its mysteries. The Rokebys have, heaven knows, and so have had the Vanxs. It is sometimes not wise to dive deep down into the depths of a clear, tranquil pool, if the agitation of its waters may bring something to the surface which will taint and discolor them."

"My dear aunt!" ejaculated Bertie, in a tone of wounded alarm.

"No more at present, Bertie, boy," she interposed, with uplifted hand and a faint smile. "One day we shall hold a family council, when wonderful revelations will be made, mysteries dissipated, secrets disclosed, suspicions, doubts, and false impressions cleared up and removed, and all clouds that now hang over us, oppress us, and make us move in a kind of labyrinthine path, enveloped in misty darkness, will be banished, leaving only the unflecked heaven of unalloyed happiness above us. You will take part in the deliberations, of course, but the day for it has not yet come; therefore, as Shakespeare says, 'Season your admiration for awhile.' Believe me, the day must come; trust in me, when it does come, you shall—you will—you must take a very decided part in it."

Gabrielle, seemingly as still as if there were no life in her, listened breathlessly to this, and peered at her aunt's face from beneath her long eyelashes, although she seemed to be following the markings of the pattern on the carpet. When a significant silence followed, she abruptly broke it, by saying, slowly—

"And I, aunty, I shall make one of this awful family council also, I suppose?"

Mrs. Rokeby turned to her, and with a curious glitter in her eyes, answered—

"You will not be left out, be quite satisfied, Belle. Your *rôle* will be scarcely less important than that of the others present. But you—you can afford to wait."

This was said with an emphasis so peculiar that both Wil and Bertie slightly started, and Gabrielle felt a spasm of the heart—a blow there, which, for the instant, appeared to still its beatings and deprive her of breath.

She thought of Colonel Waldron's communication to her. Could it be possible that Mrs. Rokeby, who had never breathed a hint or acted to her as if she had the remotest suspicion of it, knew she was a changeling?

How sick at heart she felt, how short seemed to be the time permitted her to secure a wealthy husband and a high position, before the awful disclosure would inevitably be made.

Wil, Bertie, the Earl of Marston, any affluent individual whom she could first entrap into a marriage would she gladly secure. Then could she snap her fingers at the world, for she belived the wedding bond to be quite indissoluble.

She displayed no outward sign, not a trace of the agonizing, torturing fears searing her breast and brain; but was prepared to smile as coldly, to speak as affectedly, and to move as listlessly as if her horizon was unflecked by the tiniest cloudlet.

Mrs. Rokeby, after thus addressing Gabrielle, turned again to Bertie, and to the former's extreme satisfaction, although she did not betray it, said—

"You have come to stay for some time with Willy, I am sure, Bertie."

"If he will be bored with me, dear aunt," he returned, smiling at Willy.

"Try me," returned Wil, emphatically. "I am difficult to please, you know, and I shall keep you in tow for a decent length of time before I decide that you are tedious, and may take yourself off again to—the banks of the Dove."

A significant look passed between the pair, which Gabrielle observed, and felt at once a desire to know its meaning, and a determination to ferret it out—if it could be done.

But as we have said, she immediately experienced no little satisfaction when Mrs. Rokeby added—

"Of course, you stay with us, Bertie, therefore place yourself in charge of Belle, who will take you to Mrs. Willis, the housekeeper, with instructions to prepare a suite of rooms for you, and otherwise arrange for your personal comfort."

"Come along, Cousin Bertie," instantly ejaculated Gabrielle, catching him with the tips of finger and thumb by the coat-sleeve. "You are my property until we have brought Willis to a full sense of what you require. Now I must beg of you to behave yourself while with me like a decent and proper boy, and not fancy yourself a bounding roebuck; or a boisterous whipper-in, brimming over with 'Yoicks!' and 'Tally-ho!' and all those kind of horrors."

"I will walk uprightly and sing a canticle," returned Bertie, taking her hand with the air of a gallant in the reign of the first George.

Wil laughed; but there was a contemptuous curl in his lip, as he said—

"And also take a stroll in the park with Belle after your canticle. She will bet you a needle-case to your dozen-dozen pair of gloves that she will leap one of the iron fences there, a short run and a spring being given. I will back Belle to win the gloves."

Mrs. Rokeby, despite a disquieted mind, laughed unaffectedly at Wil's observation, although she said, in a reproving tone—

"Preposterous, Willy. You know Belle would not move out of her ordinary pace if a vicious bull were in full cry after her. Fie, Willy, fie!"

To Mrs. Rokeby's surprise, however, Gabrielle, instead of her usual frigidity under such circumstances, raised her finger and shook it menacingly at him, and said, smilingly, though there was a hard glitter in her eyes—

"You are a good-for-nothing boy, Willy. I will punish you for that rude speech. You know I can be merciless, and in this case I positively will. *Allons*, dear Cousin Bertie, let us do the matronly Willis at the earliest possible moment."

She placed her hand in "Cousin" Bertie's arm, and led him from the apartment.

Mrs. Rokeby and her son were thus left together.

Wil could tell by his mother's manner, by her disturbed, disquieted air, that there was some grave inward turbulence of mind affecting her, although she controlled her agitation with a strong hand. He saw that at least one or two of the pages of what had hitherto been a sealed book were about to be communicated to him; yet, as she paced the room, evidently in perplexed thought, he feared, he knew not why, to put a single question to her.

He could not in any way foreshadow what he thought she was about to reveal to him, and his very ignorance of even the form her answers might take caused him to dread them.

At length she stopped short in her pacings, and laying one hand upon his shoulder, said, in a soft, tender, almost melancholy tone—

"Willy, my pet, can you place implicit faith in the honor—the immaculate honor—of your mother?"

He started at the remarkable question. A flush of scarlet crimsoned his face and forehead.

"My dear mother," he exclaimed, in a voice, the quavering of which betrayed his agitation, "he had need pray for mercy who dare impugn it in my hearing."

She waved her hand with a gesture of impatience.

"It is not the answer I seek from you," she exclaimed, her frame dilating with her emotion. "You would protect my reputation, no doubt, at the hazard of your life. My name and fame are as sacred to you as your own, and you would defend them as my son with unflinching courage. I have no need to ask that—I feel it would be so. But I ask you, not out of your filial love, but out of what you have known, what you can determine, what you can even surmise,

whether you can at any and at all times, under any circumstances, however doubtful their aspect and significance individually or collectively, place unwavering faith in my unblemishable honor?"

He looked steadfastly in her still extremely beautiful face, and in his look she saw that his heart—his very soul—spoke.

He extended his arms outspread towards her.

"My mother!" he exclaimed, in a voice of deep emotion, and with a quivering lip.

With a cry of passionate joy, she threw herself into his arms. He folded her to his heart in an ardent, loving embrace.

It was some little time before she could compose herself to speak, or he to listen; but at length she bade him be seated, and taking a place by his side, and holding his hand in hers, she said, in agitated tones—

"Willy, my love, we are in the very toils of a complex mystery. There are secrets connected with my family of which I can get only the most vague conceptions; but the happiness—even the lives—of two members of it have been compromised. Your father is in some way—to me wholly incomprehensible—mixed up with them, and is acting in consequence more it would seem like a confirmed but cunning and dangerous lunatic than a sentient being. He is striving, as he declares, to work a path out of the most perilous complications, involving the destruction of everything in the shape of position, family honor—all that he holds dear and sacred on earth—"

"What is the meaning of perilous complications?" interrupted Wilfred, with a bewildered look. "What do they convey?—what do they point at?—what is the peril, and who is the criminal who has occasioned them—for criminal there must be?"

"I could only answer you, if I were to put you in possession of all my knowledge, most indefinitely, with a sprinkling of truth in a cloud of surmises, and even that sprinkling of truth I must at present keep hidden from you. I can, however, tell you that I have a secret—a most terrrible and skilfully dangerous—enemy, who is working to consummate an extensive and comprehensive scheme of revenge, which involves the destruction of my life, or at the very least, my reputation."

"His motive?" demanded Wilfred, quickly.

"I do not know it—I cannot divine it," she returned, as quickly and as excitedly. "Would that I could do so. If I were able, I should know how to face him, and do battle with him. What I do know is, that he is undermining me in your father's mind. He is gnawing out of his heart all faith, all trust, all respect for me—leading his mind to suspicions, every one of which is an irreparable wrong to me."

"Would I had him in my grip!" exclaimed Wilfred, closing both hands tightly, and grating his teeth together.

"We shall have him, do not doubt," returned his mother, with a face as flushed as his own; "and scant mercy shall he have at my hands when I have him run to earth. However, as it is, we must fight him with his own weapons, for he is too keen, too wily to deal with in any other way. It is my intention, therefore, after the most careful and anxious deliberation on my part, and acting under the counsel of one who can bring far more ability of mind and acuteness of perception to the task than myself, to play a character, or characters, to pursue a certain course, until, by stratagem for stratagem, I unkennel my foe, defeat his machinations, and destroy him."

"Who is he on whose counsel you place such great reliance?" demanded Wilfred, with a kind of stern surprise.

"Lord Belvoir," she returned, without faltering or embarassment.

He started as if she had hurled a spear at him and it had pierced his heart. He absolutely recoiled and writhed.

"Lord Belvoir!" he echoed, with passionate and vehement indignation.

Mrs. Rokeby drew her form up to its full height, and herself retreated a pace or two.

"Wilfred," she exclaimed, grandly, "have you so soon forgotten that I am your mother?"

He bent his head down, and covered his face with his hands.

Yet only for a moment, for he tore them away, and placed them upon his heart.

"My life upon your purity, my own mother!" he cried, with intense emotion. "Pardon me!"

Her face was white as unflecked marble.

"It is part of my ordeal," she ejaculated, with difficulty. "Let us part now, Willy. Without unqualified faith in my incorruptibility we cannot move in the same sphere."

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, in earnest appeal. "It is past. I *am* your son. You shall never more experience such a pang from my lips as they have now occasioned you. Only teach me how to repair the wrong—you shall see how I will do your bidding."

"I have forgotten it," she said, giving him her hand, which he took, and kissed fervently. "Now, listen to me, Wil, with your best attention, and act as I shall direct. You have already performed one mission for me; it bears a close relation to, and is intimately connected with, the adjustment of events which I trust will dissipate the hateful mystery surrounding us forever. I shall require you to perform other missions, but not here. I have just been informed that my secret foe has transferred himself to London. Thither it is my intention shortly to proceed, accompanied by you and Gabrielle Luttrell; also by Bertie, whose services are likely to prove invaluable. There are two mysteries that I may here revert to at once, though I cannot at present give you the explanation which disperses one at least. Time will unravel all, and that perhaps sooner than we may hope for or expect.

"First, then, you are startled by the resemblance between yourself and Bertie. You know him to be the son of your father's brother. I know another reason which makes it the most natural thing in the world. I cannot yet disclose it. Even Bertie himself knows it not. The time will shortly come when you both shall have that revelation. The other relates to the betrothal of yourself and Gabrielle. I have objected not so much to that as to your immediate marriage with her."

"Upon what grounds?" asked Wil, with great eagerness.

"Do you wish the marriage to take place?" asked his mother, with unfeigned surprise.

"Indeed, no," he replied, promptly; "but—"

"All in good time, Willy, my love," she interrupted, with a smile. "I have just had a singularly stormy interview with your father; but after much discussion, he saw the propriety of my representations, and assents to delay. To please him, I sell my stud at once, and abandon the field. To further my own projects, I proceed to London—under your charge—that is also arranged; and then—"

She paused.

"And then?" he repeated.

"We shall see who will triumph," she responded, with an almost acrimonious emphasis.

She added, abruptly—

"I have another subject which I wish to deliberate on with your aid. It is in reference to one of whose singular position I have been thinking with considerable anxiety. One to whom you, Willy, owe, I think, some gratitude, but to whom I am under the deepest obligation. I will not confer with you upon it here. Attend me to my boudoir. We shall there be free from intruders or listeners."

He took her proffered hand, and conducted her from the apartment.

As they passed over the threshold, he said—

"May I ask to whom we are thus mutually indebted?"

She thrilled him to the very marrow, as with a face suddenly lighted up with an extraordinary expression, and in startling tones, she replied—

"Mark Jarrett's Daisy!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sam Rice's Romance.

The coach of Wells, Fargo & Co., stood behind the door of Pineywoods Station, and Sam Rice, the driver, was drawing on his lemon-colored gloves with an air, for Sam was the pink of stage drivers, from his high white hat to his faultless French boots. Sad will it be when his profession shall have been entirely superseded; and the coach-and-six, with its gracious and graceful whip, shall have been supplanted, on all the principal lines of travel, by the iron horse with its grimy driver and train of thundering carriages.

The passengers had taken their seats—the one lady on the box—and Sam Rice stood, chronometer held daintily between thumb and finger, waiting for the second hand to come round the quarter of a minute, while the grooms slipped the last strap of the harness into its buckle. At the expiration of a quarter of a minute, as Sam stuck an unlighted cigar between his lips and took hold of the box to pull himself up to his seat, the good-natured landlady of Pineywoods Station, called out to him with some officiousness:

"Mr. Rice, don't you want a match?"

"That's just what I've been looking for these ten years," responded Sam; and at that instant his eyes were on a level with the lady's on the box, so that he could not help seeing the roguish glint of them, which so far disconcerted the usually self-possessed professor of the whip, that he heard not the landlady's laugh, but gathered up the reins in such a heedless and careless manner as to cause Demon, the nigh leader, to go off with a bound that nearly threw the owner of the eyes out of her place. The little flurry gave opportunity for Mrs. Dolly Page—that was the lady's name—to drop her veil over her face, and for Sam Rice to show his genteel handling of the ribbons, and conquer the unaccountable disturbance of his pulses.

Sam had looked at the way-bill, not ten minutes before, to ascertain the name of the pretty black-eyed woman seated at his left hand; and the consciousness of so great a curiosity gratified, may have augmented his accustomed embarrassment. Certain it is Sam Rice had driven six horses, on a ticklish mountain road for four years, without missing a trip; and had more than once encountered the "road agents," without ever yet delivering them an express box; had had old and young ladies, plain and beautiful ones, to sit beside him hundreds of times; yet this was the first time he had consulted the way-bill on his own account to find a lady's name. This one time, too, had a *Mrs.* before it, which prefix gave him a pang he was very unwilling to own. On the other hand Mrs. Dolly Page was dressed in extremely deep black. Could she be in mourning for Mr. Page? If Demon had an unusual number of starting fits that afternoon, his driver was not altogether guiltless in the matter; for what horse so sensitive as he, would not have felt the magnetism of something wrong behind him?

But as the mocking eyes kept hidden behind a veil, and the rich, musical voice uttered not a word through a whole half hour which seemed an age to Sam, he finally recovered himself so far as to say, he believed he could not smoke, after all, and thereupon returned his cigar, still unlighted, to his pocket.

"I hope you do not deprive yourself of a luxury on my account?" murmured the soft voice.

"I guess this dust and sunshine is enough for a lady to stand, without my smokin' in yer face," returned Sam politely, and glancing at the veil.

"Still, I beg you will smoke, if you are accustomed," persisted the cooing voice behind it. But Sam, to his praise be it spoken, refused to add anything to the discomforts of a summer day's ride across the mountains. His chivalry had its reward; for the lady thus favored, feeling constrained to make some return for such consideration, began to talk, in a vein that delighted her auditor, about horses—their points and their traits—and lastly, about their drivers.

"I have always fancied," said Mrs. Dolly Page, "that if I were a man I should take to stage driving for a profession. It seems to me a free and manly calling, one that develops some of the best qualities of a man. Of course it has its drawbacks. One cannot always choose one's society on a stage, and there are temptations to bad habits. Besides there are storms, and upsets, and all that sort of thing. I've often thought," continued Mrs. Dolly, "that we do not consider enough the hardships of drivers, nor what we owe them. You've read that poem—the Post-boy's Song:

> "'Like a shuttle thrown by the hand of fate
> Forward and back I go?'

"Well, it is just so. They do bring us our letters, full of good and ill news, helping to weave the web of fate for us; yet not to blame for what tidings they bring, and always faithful to their duties in stormy weather or sunshine."

"I shall like my profession better after what you have said of it," answered Sam, giving his whip a curl to make it touch the off leader's right ear. "I've done my duty mostly, and not complained of the hardships, though once or twice I've been too beat out to get off my box at the end of the drive; but that was in a long spell of bad weather, when the roads was just awful, and the rain as cold as snow."

"Would you mind letting me hold the lines awhile?" asked the cooing voice, at last. "I've driven a six-in-hand before."

Though decidedly startled, and averse to trusting his team to such a pair of hands, Sam was compelled, by the psychic force of the little woman, to yield up the reins. It was with fear and trembling that he watched her handling of them for the first mile; but, as she really seemed to know what she was about, his confidence increased, and he watched her with admiration. Her veil was now up, her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks glowing. She did not speak often, but, when she did, it was always something piquant and graceful that she uttered. At last, just as the station was in sight, she yielded up the lines with a deep drawn sigh of satisfaction, apologizing for it by saying that her hands, not being used to it, were tired.

"I'm not sure," she added, "but I shall take to the box at last as a steady thing."

"If you do," responded Sam, gallantly, "I hope you will run on my line."

"Thanks. I shall ask you for a reference, when I apply for a situation."

There was a halt, a supply of fresh horses, and a prompt, lively start. But the afternoon was intensely hot, and the team soon sobered down. Mrs. Page did not offer again to take the lines. She was overwarm and weary, perhaps; quiet and a little sad, at any rate. Mr. Rice was quiet, too, and thoughtful. The passengers inside were asleep. The coach rattled along at a steady pace, with the dust so deep under the wheels as to still their rumble. At intervals a freight wagon was passed down to one side, at a "turn-out," or a rabbit skipped across the road, or a solitary horseman suggested alternately a "road agent," or one of James's heroes. Grand views presented themselves of wooded cliffs and wild ravines. Tall pine trees threw lengthening shadows across the open space on the mountain sides. And so the afternoon wore away; and, when the sun was setting, the passengers alighted for their supper at Lucky-Dog—a mining camp pretty well up in the Sierras.

"We both stop here," said Sam, as he helped the lady down from her high position; letting her know by this remark that her destination was known to him.

"I'm rather glad of that," she answered, frankly, with a little smile, and considering all that had transpired on that long drive, Sam was certainly pardonable if he felt almost sure that her reason for being glad was the same as his own.

Lucky-Dog was one of those shambling, new camps, where one street serves for a string on which two or three dozen ill-assorted tenements are strung, every fifth one being a place intended for the relief of the universal American thirst, though the liquids dispensed at these beneficent institutions were observed rather to provoke than to abate the dryness of their patrons. Eating-houses were even more frequent than those which dispensed moisture to parched throats; so that, taking a cursory view of the windows fronting on the street, the impression was inevitably conveyed of an expected rush of famished armies, whose wants this charitable community were only too willing to supply, for a sufficient consideration. The houses that were not eating and drinking-houses were hotels, if we except occasional grocery and general merchandise establishments. Into what out-of-the-way corners the inhabitants were stowed, it was impossible to conjecture, until it was discovered that the men lived at the place already inventoried, and that women abode not at all in Lucky-Dog—or if there were any, not more than half a dozen of them, and they lived in unaccustomed places.

The advent of Mrs. Page at the Silver Brick Hotel naturally made a sensation. An assemblage of not less than fifty gentlemen of leisure crowded about the entrance, each more intent than the other on getting a look at the arrivals, and especially at this one arrival—whose age, looks, name, business and intentions in coming to Lucky-Dog, were discussed with great freedom. Sam Rice was closely questioned, but proved reticent and non-committal. The landlord was besieged with inquiries—the landlady, too—and all without anybody being made much the wiser. There was the way-bill, and there was the lady herself; put that and that together, and make what you could of it.

Mrs. Dolly Page did not seem discomposed in the least by the evident interest she inspired. With her black curls smoothly brushed, her black robes immaculately neat, with a pretty color in her round cheeks, and a quietly absorbed expression in her whole bearing, she endured the concentrated gaze of fifty pairs of eyes during the whole dinner, without so much as one awkward movement, or the dropping of a fork or teaspoon. So it was plain that the curious would be compelled to await Mrs. Page's own time for developments.

But developments did not seem likely to come overwhelmingly. Mrs. Page made a fast friend of the landlady of the Silver Brick, by means of little household arts peculiarly her own, and, before a fortnight was gone, had become as indispensable to all the boarders as she was to Mrs. Shaughnessy herself. If she had a history, she kept it carefully from curious ears. Mrs. Shaughnessy was evidently satisfied, and quite challenged criticism of her favorite. Indeed, there was nothing to criticise. It was generally understood that she was a widow, who had to get on in the world as best she could, and thus the public sympathy was secured, and an embargo laid upon gossip. To be sure, there were certain men in Lucky-Dog, of a class which has its representatives everywhere, who regarded all unappropriated women, especially pretty women, very much as the hunter regards game, and the more difficult the approach, the more exciting the chase. But these moral Nimrods had not half the chance with self-possessed Mrs. Dolly Page that they would have had with a different style of woman. The grosser sort got a sudden *conge;* and with the more refined sportsmen she coquetted just enough to show them that two could play at a game of "make believe," and then sent them off with a lofty scorn edifying to behold—to the mingled admiration and amusement of Mrs. Shaughnessy.

The only affair which seemed to have a kernel of seriousness in it, was that of Mr. Samuel Rice. Regularly, when the stage was in, on Sam's night, he paid his respects to Mrs. Page. And Mrs. Page always received him with a graceful friendliness, asking after the horses, and even sometimes going so far as to accompany him to their stables. On these occasions she never failed to carry several lumps of sugar in her pocket, which she fed to the handsome brutes off her own pink palm, until there was not one of them she could not handle at her will.

Thus passed many weeks, until summer was drawing to a close. Two or three times she had gone down to Pineywoods Station and back, on Sam's coach, and always sat on the box, and drove a part of the way, but never where her driving would excite remark. It is superfluous to state, that on these occasions there was a happy heart beneath Sam's linen duster, or that the bantering remarks of his brother drivers were borne with smiling equanimity, not to say pride; for Sam was well aware that Mrs. Dolly Page's brunette beauty, and his blonde bearded style, together furnished a not unpleasing *tableau* of personal charms. Besides, Sam's motto was, "Let those laugh who win;" and he seemed to himself to be on the road to heights of happiness beyond the ken of ordinary mortals—especially ordinary stage drivers.

"I don't calkelate to drive stage more than a year or two longer," Sam said to Mrs. Page, confidently, on the return from their last trip together to Pineywoods Station. "I've got a little place down in Amador, and an interest in the Nip-and-tuck gold mine, besides a few hundreds in bank. I've a notion to settle down some day, in a cottage with vines over the porch, with a little woman to tend the flowers in the front garden."

As if Sam's heightened color and shining eyes had not sufficiently pointed this confession of his desires, it chanced that at this moment the eyes of both were attracted to a wayside picture; a cottage, a flower-bordered walk, a fair young woman standing at the gate, with a crowing baby in her arms, lifting its little white hands to the sun-browned face of a stalwart young farmer, who was smiling proudly on the two. At this sudden apparition of his inmost thoughts Sam's heart gave a great bound, and there was a simultaneous ringing in his ears. His first instinctive act was to crack his whip so fiercely as to set the leaders off prancing; and when, by this diversion, he had partly recovered self-possession to glance at the face of his companion, a new embarrassment seized him when he discovered two little rivers of tears running over the crimsoned cheeks. But a coach-box is not a convenient place for sentiment to display itself; and, though the temptation was great to inquire into the cause of the tears, with a view of offering consolation, Sam prudently looked the other way, and maintained silence. The reader, however, knows that those tears sank into the beholder's soul, and caused to germinate countless tender thoughts and emotions, which were, on some future occasion, to be laid upon the altar of his devotion to Mrs. Dolly Page. And none the less, that, in a few minutes, the eyes which shed them resumed their roguish brightness, and the lady was totally unconscious of having heard, seen, or felt any embarrassment. Sentiment between them was successfully *tabooed*, so far as utterance was concerned, for that time. And so Sam found, somewhat to his disappointment, it continued to fall out that, whenever he got upon delicate ground, the lady was off like a humming bird, darting hither and yon, so that it was impossible to put a finger upon her, or to get so much as a look at her brilliant and restless wings. But nobody ever tired of trying to find a humming bird at rest; and so Sam never gave up looking for the opportune moment of speaking his mind.

Meanwhile, Lucky-Dog Camp was having a fresh sensation. An organized band of gamblers, robbers and "road agents" had made a swoop upon its property of various kinds, and had succeeded in making off with it. The very night after the ride just mentioned, the best horses in Sam Rice's team were stolen, making it necessary to substitute what Sam called "a pa'r of ornery cayuses." To put the climax to his misfortunes, the "road agents" attacked him next morning, when the "ornery cayuses" becoming unmanageable, Sam was forced to surrender the treasure box, and the passengers their bullion. The excitement in Lucky-Dog was intense. A Vigilance Committee, secretly organized, lay in waiting for the offenders, and, after a week or two, made a capture of a well-known sporting man, whose presence in camp had for some time been regarded with suspicion. Short shrift was afforded him. That same afternoon his gentlemanly person swung dangling from a gnarled pine tree limb, and his frightened soul had fled into outer darkness.

When this event became known to Mrs. Dolly Page, she turned ghostly white, and then fainted dead away. Mrs. Shaughnessy was very much concerned for her friend; berating, in round terms, the brutishness of people who could talk of such things before a tender-hearted lady like that. To Mr. Rice particularly she expatiated upon the coarseness of certain people, and the refined sensitiveness of others; and Sam was much inclined to agree with her, so far as her remarks applied to her friend, who was not yet recovered sufficiently to be visible. Indeed, Mrs. Page was not visible for so many days that Sam's soul began to long for her with a mighty longing. At length she made her appearance, considerably paler and thinner than was her wont; but doubly interesting and lovely to the eyes of so partial an observer as Sam, who would willingly have sheltered her weakness in his strong, manly arms. Sam, naturally enough, would never have hinted at the event which had so distressed her; but she relieved him of all embarrassment on the subject, by saying to him almost at once:

"Mr. Rice, I am sorry they have not buried the man they hung, so shockingly, the other day. They certainly will not leave him *there?*"—she added with a shudder.

"I don't know—I suppose," stammered Sam, "it is the way with them fellows."

"But you will not allow it? You *cannot* allow it!"—excitedly.

"I couldn't prevent them," said Sam quite humbly.

"Mr. Rice," and her voice was at once a command and an entreaty, "you *can* and *must* prevent it. You are not afraid? I will go with you—this very night—and will help you. Don't say you will not, for I cannot sleep until it is done. I have not slept for a week."

She looked so white and so wild, as she uttered this confession, that Sam would have been the wretch he was not, to refuse her. So he said:

"Don't you fret. I'll bury him if it troubles you so. But you needn't go along. You couldn't; its too far and you're too weak"—seeing how she trembled.

"I am not weak—only nervous. I prefer to go along. But we must be secret, I suppose? Oh!"—with a start that was indeed "nervous."

"Yes, we must be secret," said Sam; and he looked as if he did not half like the business, but would not refuse.

"You are a good man, Mr. Rice, and I thank you." And with that Mrs. Dolly Page caught up one of his hands, and kissing it hastily, began to cry, as she walked quickly away.

"Don't cry, and don't go away until I have promised to do whatever you ask, if it will make you well again," said Sam following her to the door.

"Then call for me to take a walk with you to-night. The moon is full, but no one will observe us. They would not think of our going *there*,"—with another shudder—and she slipped away from his detaining hand.

That evening, Mr. Samuel Rice and Mrs. Page took a walk by moonlight. Laughing gossips commented on it after *their* fashion; and disagreeable gossips after *their* fashion. But nobody, they believed, saw where they went or what they did. Yet those two came from performing an act of Christian charity, each with a sense of guilt and unworthiness very irritating to endure, albeit from very different causes. One, because an unwelcome suspicion had thrust itself into his mind; and the other——

The ground of Sam's suspicion was a photograph, which, in handling the gambler's body somewhat awkwardly, by reason of its weight—Mrs. Page at the last found that she could not render any assistance—had slipped from some receptacle in its clothing. A hasty glance under the full light of the moon had shown him the features of the lady who sat twelve paces away with her hands over her face. It is not always those that sin who suffer most from the consciousness of sin; and Sam, perhaps, with that hint of possible—nay, almost certain—wickedness in his breast pocket, was more burdened by the weight of it than many a criminal about to suffer all the terrors of the law; for the woman that he loved stood accused, if not convicted, before his conscience and her own, and he could not condemn, because his heart refused to judge her.

When the two stood together under the light of the lamp in the deserted parlor of the Silver Brick Hotel, the long silence, which by her quick perceptions had been recognized as accusing her, upon what evidence she did not yet know, was at length broken by Sam's voice, husky with agitation.

"Mrs. Page," said he, assuming an unconscious dignity of mien and sternness of countenance, "I shall ask you some questions sometime, which you may not think quite polite. And you must answer me; you understand. I'm bound to know the truth about this man."

"About this man!" Then he suspected her of connection with the wretched criminal whose body had only just now been hidden from mocking eyes? How much did he suspect? How much did he *know?* Her pale face and frightened eyes seemed to ask these questions of him; but not a sound escaped her lips. The imploring look, so strange upon her usually bright face, touched all that was tender in Sam's romantic nature. In another moment he would have recalled his demand, and trusted her infinitely; but in that critical moment she fainted quite away, to his mingled sorrow and alarm; and Mrs. Shaugnessy being summoned, Sam received a wordy reprimand for having no more sense than to keep a sick woman up half of the night — smarting under which undeserved censure, he retired, to think over the events of the evening.

The hour of departure from Lucky-Dog, for Sam's coach, was four o'clock in the morning, and its driver was not a little surprised, when about to mount the box, to discover Mrs. Page waiting to take a seat beside him. After the adventure of the previous night, it was with some restraint that he addressed her; and there was wanting, also, something of his cheerful alacrity of manner, when he requested the stranger who had taken the box-seat, to yield it to a lady. The stranger's mood seemed congenial, for he declined to abdicate, intimating that there was room for the lady between himself and the driver, if she insisted upon an outside seat.

But Mrs. Page did not insist. She whispered Sam to open the coach door, and quietly took a seat inside; and Sam, with a sense of irritation very unusual with him, climbed reluctantly to his place, giving the "cayuses" the lash in a way that set them off on a keen run. By the time he had gotten his team cooled down, the unusual mood had passed, and the longing returned to hear the sweet voice and watch the bright eyes that had made his happiness on former occasions. Puzzled as he was, and pained by the evidence he possessed of her connection, in some way, with the victim of lynch law, that seemed like a dream in the clear, sunny air of morning, while the more blissful past asserted its claim to be considered reality. Not a lark, warbling its flute notes by the wayside, not a pretty bit of the familiar landscape, nor a glimpse of brook, that leaped sparkling down the mountain, but recalled some charming utterance of Mrs. Dolly Page, as he first knew her—as he could not now recognize her in the pale, nervous, and evidently suffering woman, sitting, closely veiled, inside the coach.

Occupied with these thoughts, Sam felt a disgreeable shock when the outside passenger—in a voice that contrasted roughly with that other voice which was murmuring in his ear—began a remark about the mining prospects of Lucky-Dog.

"Some rich discoveries made in the neighborhood, eh? Did you ever try your luck at mining?"

"Waal, no. I own a little stock, though," answered Sam, carelessly.

"In what mine?"

"In the Nip-and-Tuck."

"Good mine, from all I hear about it. Never did any prospecting?" asked the stranger, in that tone which denotes only a desire to make talk, with a view to kill time.

"No," in the same tone.

"That's odd," stuffing a handful of cut tobacco into his mouth. "I'd have sworn 'twas you I saw swinging a pick in the *canon* east of camp, last night."

"I'm not much on pick," Sam returned, with a slowness that well counterfeited indifference. "I was visiting a lady last evening, which is a kind of prospecting more in my line."

"Yes, I understand; that lady inside the coach. She's a game one."

"It strikes me you're devilish free in your remarks," said Sam, becoming irritated again.

"No offence meant, I'm sure. Take a cigar? We may as well talk the matter over calmly, Mr. Rice. You see it's ten to one that you are implicated in this business, being very attentive to Mrs. Page. Made several trips together. Let her handle your horses, so she could take them out of the stable for them thieves. Buried her thieving, gambling husband for her. You see the case *looks* bad, anyway; though I'm inclined to think you've just been made a tool of. I know she's a smart one. 'Tain't often you find one smarter."

Sam's eyes scintillated. He was strongly minded to pitch the outside passenger off the coach. The struggle in his breast between conviction and resistance to conviction, amounted to agony. He could not, in that supreme moment, discriminate between the anger he felt at being falsely accused, and the grief and rage of being so horribly disillusioned. The combined anguish paled his cheeks, and set his teeth on edge: of all of which the outside passenger was coolly cognizant. As they were, at that moment, in sight of the first station, he resumed:

"Let her get up here, if she wants too; I can ride inside. I don't want to be hard on her; but mind, if you breathe a word to her about my being an officer, I'll arrest you on suspicion. Let every tub stand on its own bottom. If she's guilty, you can't help her, and don't want to, neither; if she's innocent, she'll come out all right, never fear. Are you on the square, now?"

"Have you got a warrant?" asked Sam, in a low tone, as he wound the lines around the break, previous to getting down.

"You bet! but I'm in no hurry to serve it. Pineywoods Station 'll do just as well. Telegraph office there."

Mr. Rice was not in any haste this morning, being, as he said, ahead of time. He invited Mrs. Page to take her usual place on the box, telling her the gentleman had concluded to go inside; and brought her a glass of water from the bar. While he was returning the glass, the passengers, including him of the outside, being busied assuaging their thirst with something stronger than water, a rattle of wheels and a clatter of hoofs was heard, and, lo! Mrs. Dolly Page was discovered to be practicing her favorite accomplishment of driving six in-hand!

When the "outside" recovered from his momentary surprise, he clapped his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Rice, and said, in a voice savage with spite and disappointment—

"I arrest you, sir."

"Arrest and be d——d!" returned Sam. "If you had done your duty, you'd have arrested *her* while you had the chance."

"That's so—your head is level; and if you'll assist me in getting on to Pineywoods Station in time to catch the runaway—for she can't very well drive beyond that station I'll let you off."

"You'll wait till I'm on, I reckon. My horses can't go on that errand, and you daren't take the up-driver's team. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, old smarty!"—and Sam's eyes emitted steel blue lightnings though his face wore a fixed expression of smiling.

Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that horses might be procured a mile back from the station; and, while the baffled officer, and such of the passengers as could not wait until next day, went in pursuit of them, Sam mounted one of the "cayuses," and made what haste he could after the coach and Wells, Fargo & Company's express box. Within a mile or less of Pineywoods Station, he met the keeper, the grooms, and an old man or two that chanced to have been about the place, all armed to the teeth, who, when they saw him, halted in surprise.

"Why, we reckoned you was dead," said the head man, with an air of disappointment.

"Dead!" repeated Sam. "Have you seen my coach?"

"That's all right, down to the station; and the plucky gal that drov it, told us all about the raid the "road agents' made on you. What's the passengers?—any of 'em killed?"

"Passengers are all right. Where is Mrs. Page?"

"She cried, and tuk on awful about ye; an' borrered a hoss to ride right on down the road to meet the other stage, an' let 'em know what's up."

"She did, did she?" said Sam, very thoughtfully. "Waal, that is odd. Why she ran away with my team—that's what she did; and it's all a hoax about the 'road agents.' The passengers are back, at the other station." Sam had suddenly become "all things to to all men," to a degree that surprised himself. He was wrong about the horse, too, as was proven by its return to its owner four days after. By the same hand came the following letter to Mr. Samuel Rice—

"DEAR MR. RICE—It was so good of you! I thank you more than I can say. I wish I could set myself right in your eyes, for I prize your friendship dearly—dearly; but I know that I cannot. It has not been all my fault. I was married to a bad, bad man, when I was only fifteen. He has ruined my life; but now he is dead, and I need not fear him. I *will* hereafter live as a good woman should live. The tears run down my cheeks as I write you this farewell—as they did that day when I saw that sweet woman and her babe at the farm-house gate, and knew what was in your thought. Heaven send you such a wife. Good-by, dear Mr. Rice, good-by.

DOLLY PAGE."

There are some men, as well as women, in this world, who could figure in the *role* of *Evangeline*, who have tender, loyal, and constant hearts. Such a one was the driver of the Lucky Dog stage. But, though he sat on that box for two years longer, and scrutinized every dark-eyed, sweet-voiced lady passenger who rode in his coach during that time, often with an intense longing for a sight of the face he craved—it never came. Out of the heaven of his life that star had vanished forever, and nothing was left him but a soiled photograph, and a tear-stained letter, worn with frequent folding and unfolding.—*Overland Monthly.*

How the "Cracker" Fixed Him.

A certain doctor employed by the government at a frontier post was not remarkable for amiability, and seldom wasted much time in this "vale" without a row of some kind on his hands. A citizen living about twenty-five miles from the post requested his assistance upon an interesting occasion, and the doctor rode over to the ranch—a wretched hovel about eight feet high, flat dirt roof, and uniting parlor, bed-room and kitchen in one room. The place breathed poverty from every pore, but the doctor had the mild assurance to ask one hundred in specie as his fee. The poor "Cracker" went into his hovel, and in a short time appeared with twenty-five dollars, which the doctor flatly refused in an angry manner. Again the "Cracker" entered his house, and his weak spouse drew out of a stocking two or three dollars which she had carefully hoarded for a rainy day. This was added to the sum before offered, but the doctor refused to take less than his fee, and abused the man in round terms. The "Cracker" paused a moment sadly, then again entering his hovel, he quickly returned with a shot-gun and rifle. An iron determination spread itself over his features; and, as if he had exhausted every other honorable means of settlement, he thus addressed the now alarmed physician:—"Doctor, we haven't nary other cent in the world, but you kin hev satisfaction! Choose your weapon." It is surmised that the doctor did not wait for his fee.

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher writes:—"Success in purely literary work is obtainable only by rare powers, which very few possess. We feel constantly moved to vigorous remonstrance, in seeing young people starting in an almost hopeless attempt to achieve a 'literary career.' Worst of all are the too frequent cases where the aim includes the winning of pecuniary support. Any one who without experience contemplates such an attempt ought to know that it is about as easy to make a decent living solely by the use of the pen, as by searching on the highway for dropped coins. Few, even with thorough education and real talent, can earn a livelihood by literary composition; and most of that few find their course uncertain, trying, and uncomfortable to the last degree. If you hope to live by your pen, do not under any circumstances trust to that alone. Fit yourself for some regular business, as proof-reader, or reporter, or editor. Make up your mind to do as much drudgery as most men do. Cultivate the practical qualities of diligence, thoroughness, and business skill; and don't trust to genius for bread and butter. You may have genius enough to keep your name alive for centuries, but it is very doubtful whether it will earn a comfortable support for you while you live."

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

Most of us have heard of that King of Spain who was frightfully burnt about his legs because the proper official was not at hand to pull him back from the fire. Probably King Amadeus, being an interloper, who has come to the throne in an irregular sort of way, would, under like circumstances, commit some grievous breach of etiquette, but his subjects are in their way as tenacious of the ancient proprieties as their monarch grilled in story. The *Imparcial*, a leading journal of Madrid, recounts how, when a train was going to start lately, a corpse was found on the track. The stranger, unconscious of *Cosa de Espana*, would have instantly suggested getting it off. He would soon have been made to feel the monstrosity of the proposal. It is necessary in Spain for the body under such circumstances to remain where it lies for the inspection of a particular official. He was sent for. Not for ten hours could this functionary be discovered and brought to the body, and meanwhile the traffic was suspended. In the interests of the travelling public of Spain, it is to be hoped that people who feel like dying will be so obliging as to refrain from walking on railroads. A notice to this effect should be posted.

A Story of Suffering.

A Boston woman, who had for long been given up for dead by all who were dear to her, lately appeared, "the ghost of her former self," to those who had thought never to see her again. She told a story of strange and horrible suffering. More than a score of years ago she had sailed, a young girl of eighteen, with her missionary husband, for "India's coral strand." The vessel was wrecked on the Arabian coast and all on board perished save her husband and herself. He was preserved only to fall a victim to Arab cruelty and she to Arab slavery. While her beauty lasted she was the favorite wife of the most powerful chief in the South Arabian desert, but when that waned she fell from her "bad eminence" and was transferred to the harem of an inferior sheik. And so she lived, praying for death, but not daring to die, till bandied from one barbarian to another, she, a Boston lady in whose veins flowed the purest Puritan blood, found herself the wife of an Arabian water-carrier. From his power an American traveller freed her and provided her with the means to reach her home.

TONGUES.

Somebody says a giraffe's tongue has the functions of a finger. It is hooked over a high branch, its strength being equal to breaking off large strong branches of trees, from which tender leaves are then stripped. An ant bear's tongue is long and round, like a whiplash. The animal tears open the dry clay walls of ant hills, thrusts in its tongue, which sweeps round the apartment, and by its adhesive saliva brings out a yard of ants at a swoop. The mechanism by which it is protruded so far is both complicated and beautiful. A dog's tongue in lapping water takes a form by a mere act of volition that cannot be imitated by an ingenious mechanician. The human tongue in the articulation of language surpasses in variety of motions the wildest imagination of a poet. Even in swallowing food its office is so extraordinary that physiologists cannot explain the phenomena of deglutition without employing the aid of several sciences.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

Plump Mrs. Chester was in tears. It was a rare combination—contented, jolly Mrs. Chester and those salt-water globules indicative of woe; and Cousin Jemima in the doorway stood as if transfixed as she inquired, "What is the trouble?"

Mrs. C. dashed away the tears, and replied: "I suppose it's nothing worth crying about; but it does trouble me so to have Robert find fault and 'hen-hussy' about the house that I am often at my wit's end how to live without harsh words, and those I have always vowed should never be between us. I could bear it better were it myself alone who suffered, but the poor dear girls—he seems delighted to thwart them in their favorite plans, and with almost constant fretting about trifles makes them so unhappy;" and again the bright eyes were filled with tears.

"I have noticed Robert's peculiarities," replied Cousin Jemima; "and as you have broached the subject, will confess that I have studied the case carefully, and believe I can propose a remedy."

"Oh, do tell me it!" cried Mrs. Chester, "and if your remedy proves a success, I shall be one of the happiest of women."

While they are discussing the proposed reformation with many nods and smiles, we will take a further survey of the domestic economy.

The reason of Mr. Robert Chester's peculiarity of temper was the amount of petting bestowed on her darling son by Mrs. Chester the elder, causing him to cherish the idea at an early age that himself and his will should be the governing principle of any persons or circumstances about him.

It naturally followed that as he came to man's estate these governing powers were exercised to their full extent, and as Mrs. Chester No. 1 was of the meek stamp, whose will, providing she had any, was completely merged in the strong one of her husband, domestic ties only increased the difficulty, and rendered Mr. Chester more overbearing and selfish.

Three daughters had blessed their union, when Mrs. Chester, in a very subdued manner, took leave of life, without even consulting her liege lord concerning the propriety of the measure, being, by-the-way, the first independent step she had ever been known to take since her marriage; and Mr. Chester, much shocked by the conduct of his wife, as soon as propriety would admit, wooed and won another to take her place—a lady as unlike his first choice as one could well be.

As "new brooms sweep clean," Mr. Chester during the honeymoon allowed his wife the use of her faculties undisturbed, and great harmony prevailed; but as the novelty of the situation wore away his former habits were resumed, and, at the time our story commences, he seems to consider her an unruly being, whose will must be broken, and whose thoughts must run in no channel but that in which he sees fit to direct them.

His daughters, who were now young ladies, and fond of society, beaux, and new dresses, found this domestic rule especially irksome; and if Cousin Jemima's plan proved successful, it would be a blessing to them as well as to Mrs. Chester, whom they dearly loved.

"Wife," said Mr. Chester, in injured tones, at dinner, "here is this roast underdone again! I think I have told you often enough to have it remembered that I prefer my meat *cooked*, not merely seared over."

"Here, Bridget, remove the meat to the kitchen immediately!" said Mrs. Chester, briskly. "I am surprised that you should bring a roast to the table in such a condition;" handing the platter to Bridget as she spoke.

As Mr. Chester watched the tempting brown crisp disappearing through the door, his hunger got the better of his dignity, and he roared, "Bring that back here! A pretty way to cheat a hungry man out of his dinner!"

"But, my dear," mildly urged Mrs. Chester, "you see the meat is perfectly raw, and it is unsafe to eat it."

"It's no such thing," replied Mr. C., irefully. "I tell you the meat is well enough."

"Well, well, bring it on, Bridget," said Mrs. Chester, resignedly. "I see we are to be immolated on the altar of an underdone roast. If we all die from the effects of it, no doubt the neighbors will call it the will of Providence;" and she drew a deep sigh.

Mr. Robert looked at her as if expecting to see symptoms of insanity, but said nothing; and presently Jennie, the eldest daughter, broke the silence by saying—"Mother, there is to be a grand pic-nic down by the bend, next week, with boat-rides, swings, croquet, and everything delightful, and Harry Winny has invited Nell and me to go. Can we?"

"Ask your father," was the laconic answer.

"Father, can we go?" continued Jennie, with a disheartened look.

"No!" emphatically replied Mr. Chester, catching joyfully at an opportunity of showing his authority. "I hope I can provide better employment for my daughters than running about to pic-nics and such folderols as some others do"—eyeing his wife furtively to note the effect of his words.

But Mrs. C. took up the thread of his remarks with animation, saying, "Certainly you cannot go! Pic-nics, at the best, are improper places for young ladies to attend, and as your father very properly remarks, you had much better be at home with your knitting. If any one but Harry Winny had invited you, it would be different; but now you had better give up all thoughts of going."

"Indeed, madam," said Mr. Chester, balancing a bit of potato on his fork, "may I inquire what are your objections to Mr. Harry Winny? a young man in whose care I can trust my daughters without a fear. That he is to be their escort is the only palliating circumstance in the case."

"Oh, I've nothing against him," replied Mrs. C., "only—" and the unfinished sentence left a world of meaning unexpressed. "But, as you say, my dear, it is very foolish for the girls to be running about when there is so much useful employment for them at home."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied he. "Young people need rest and recreation, and my daughters shall not be cooped up at home while others of their age are enjoying themselves, and they shall go, in spite of your objections"—with a triumphant look at Mrs. C.

"Oh, if you insist upon it, I suppose they must go," said Mrs. Chester, hastily suppressing a dimple which threatened to appear in her cheek; "but they've nothing fit to wear, and we cannot afford them new suits."

"Please don't decide the matter so hastily, madam," replied Mr. Chester, blandly, persuaded that he was annoying Mrs. C. "What kind of dresses do you need, Jennie?"

"Oh, buff linen would be just the thing," replied Jennie. Mary and Lute Martin have got the loveliest suits off a piece of Durea's; but then we can wear our old muslins," she added, regretfully.

"And you must!" said Mrs. Chester, decidedly. "The suits would cost at least twenty dollars made up, and we cannot afford it."

"Allow me to become the judge of that, will you, Mrs. Chester?" replied her spouse, serenely. "I want my girls to look as well as others in their position, and I consider myself best qualified to regulate the family expenses;" and taking out his pocket-book, he counted out the required sum—an amount which heretofore had only been granted after a long siege of teasing, pouts and tears.

Mr. Chester, now in a remarkably good humor, finished his dinner without discovering that the butter was too salt or the pudding too fresh—an oversight duly commented on in Mrs. C.'s soliloquy, as in her chamber she reviewed this, the first trial of her new system of reformation.

The next day at dinner Mr. Chester's face assumed its usual expression before a storm, and as he carved the turkey, with his nose upturned, the vial of his wrath was opened. "Onions again, after my repeated requests that the dressing be seasoned without it; but that is all the respect to my wishes I meet in *this* house."

"Bridget," cried Mrs. C., "bring a dish and spoon immediately, and remove all the dressing from the turkey."

Bridget came, and while she obeyed the order, her mistress continued: "I'm sure I have given my orders forcibly enough to be obeyed, and if this occurs again, I cannot—"

"Don't scold the servants, madam," interrupted Mr. Chester. "A little judicious oversight from you would soon correct these mistakes."

Bridget removed the last morsel, and, as she was leaving the room, muttered audibly, "An' there's not a bit of onion so big as a fly's eye in the whole dinner. Mayhap ye've got an onion up yer pryin' ould nose, that ye smill the odor so plainly."

"Does she tell the truth?" asked Mr. C., ignoring the last clause of the offended Biddy's remarks.

"I suppose she does," replied Mrs. Chester; "at least my careful supervision of its concoction failed to reveal any."

"Why didn't you tell me so then?" inquired he, beginning to look sheepish.

"Why, you said there was, and it was not for me to dispute you," replied Mrs. Chester, with a lamb-like look of submission. "It's a wife's duty to believe what her husband says, even if she *knows* it isn't so; but you can tell Bridget to bring it back."

"Indade and small good it would do yez," said that worthy, entering at the moment, "for it's lying at the bottom of the waste-pail, it is, this blissed minute."

The conversation flagged perceptibly after this scene, and Mr. Chester munched his dinner in silence, and though he could but acknowledge that he had been cleverly punished, he felt like blaming every one but himself for the loss of the best part of his dinner.

At tea-time, company being present, Mr. Chester strove to look on the bright side of things, and appear particularly amiable, but Mrs. Chester scolded the servants and reproved the girls in a manner which greatly astonished Mr. Robert. Toward the last of the meal he ventured to remark, as he helped himself to a slice of cake, "I think, Mrs. Chester, this cake is not *quite* done. I see a slight soggy streak in it."

"Oh, that *stupid* cook!" ejaculated Mrs. C., spitefully, as she took the plate and rang for Bridget, who soon appeared. "Put your piece back, dear," said she to Mr. Chester, who complied rather than risk a scene, for she was evidently in no mood to be trifled with. "And now take this stuff to the pantry, and bring me the plate in the right hand corner, third shelf."

"Third shelf, mum?" inquired Bridget.

"Third shelf, I said," replied Mrs. Chester, severely. "I know what you were going to say, my dear," she continued, sweetly, to Mr. Chester, who was about to make a remonstrance, "but we cannot endanger our lives eating uncooked food—Ah, yes, that is the one," said she, as Bridget reappeared; and Mr. Chester beheld with horror a plate of dry gingerbread in the place of his favorite "white mountain."

By the merriment in the parlor after Mr. Chester had gone down town, we are certain that an explanation ensued; and in his counting-house Mr. C. pondered the matter seriously, and came home fully resolved to administer a husbandly reproof to his wife; but on his arrival Mrs. Robert was snugly tucked up in bed, and, apparently, in no condition to appreciate his eloquence, as she snored most naturally and melodiously before he reached the secondly of his discourse.

Six months after, Mrs. Chester and the girls were seated in the parlor, busily engaged with their work, when Mrs. Chester observed, "It affects my conscience wofully at times to think how I have deceived your father, and acted a double part."

"But, dear mother," replied Lizzie, the youngest daughter, "never was acting productive of more good. With a few more trials of your reform system, father will become a model husband and father. But I wonder if he never suspects that you are not the tyrannical wife and mother you appear?"

"Indeed, I do not think he has a suspicion," said Mrs. Chester, with a sigh, "but I shall be so happy when I can lay aside the mask, and be my natural self again."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Lizzie. "I could hardly keep the secret the day you reproved us so fiercely for wearing trains, and half a dozen things father was just aching to scold us about, if you hadn't taken the words out of his mouth, and run on so glibly, that finally, in very desperation, he took our part and defended us so bravely."

"He never thinks of finding fault with the culinary arrangements *now*," said Jennie, "for fear of seeing his dinner vanish bodily; and it is such a relief!"

"The last time he ventured to be agreeable in that direction," replied Lizzie, "was the day we had those splendid warm biscuit for tea that he is so fond of, and he found a bit of soda half as big as a pin-head in his first one, and commenced in his old strain."

"If I remember rightly, the unfortunate biscuit went flying out of the basement window before he could collect his wits and recall the remark," said Jennie, laughing heartily at the recollection; "and he was forced to make out a meal with stale bread, which he detests."

Dropping in a few months later, we find that Mr. Chester has been ill, and now sits propped up in his arm-chair watching his little wife as she flits about in the performance of her various duties.

"Do you know," he suddenly exclaimed, "that you have seemed more like your olden self for the last week than at any time since the first of our married life?"

"Have I not seemed natural to you all the time, Robert?" replied Mrs. C., kneeling by his side.

"N-n-no, not really," stammered Mr. Chester.

"Did you think that I was acting my real self when I scolded you and the girls, and made myself a nuisance generally?" asked Mrs. Robert, earnestly, laying her hand on his arm.

"Why, yes—I supposed so, of course," replied Mr. C., a new idea seeming to strike him. "You don't mean to say that you have been acting a part all this time?" he exclaimed, lifting his wife's face and looking earnestly in her eyes.

"I mean to say, dear husband, that I came to your home, and found that you made yourself and family unhappy by a habit of constant fault-finding, which too often merged into harshness towards your children and me, and I have only striven to show you the same faults in myself, hoping that, when you saw me as others saw you, you would recognize the likeness, and abandon the habits I imitated."

"And this is the meaning of dry gingerbread for company, and divers like experiences?" said he, soberly.

"Yes, Robert," answered the little wife, tearfully. "Will you forgive me for deceiving you?"

But Mr. Chester was evidently busily reviewing the past; and after a long silence he took the plump little hand in his, as he said, with much feeling,

"Will you forgive me, dear wife, for giving you occasion to use such deception?" And as he read his answer in her eyes, he continued, "God helping me, I will profit by the lesson, and finish the good work you have begun."

A year has passed, and Mr. Chester has not been forgetful of his promise; but if at any time he returns to his old habits, Mrs. Robert has only to say, "Bridget," in peremptory tones, and he recovers his lost ground immediately.—*Harper's Bazar.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Advices from the earthquake centre in California report a continuance of the shocks, *seven thousand* having occurred, without sufficient force, however, to do damage. The whole of Owen Valley is said to have "moved southward 14 feet. The great earthquake of the 26th ult., hurled immense rocks from the mountains into the Yosemite Valley crushing large pine trees into splinters. It is reported, also, that the same shocks caused immense waves to roll up the Gulf of California.

The second trial of Mrs. Wharton, for attempting to murder Eugene Van Ness, of Baltimore, by poison, will begin at Annapolis at the April term of the Circuit Court of Anne Arundel county. Since her acquittal upon the charge of poisoning Gen. Ketchum she has never left Annapolis.

A terrible railroad disaster occurred April 10, on the New Jersey Midland railroad. The train leaving Paterson for Hackensack, at 8 A. M., was passing over the Saddle river bridge, two and a half miles above Hackensack, when the structure suddenly gave way, hurling the train into the water below. About thirty passengers who were badly injured were taken from the wreck.

The Atlanta "four" which are to row in the international boat race on the Thames, England, on the 10th of June next, are taking their preliminary breathings on the Passaic river, near Newark, N. J. They will leave New York on the 13th of April.

The Mormon Conference, in session at Salt Lake City, has re-elected Brigham Young President of the Church; George A. Smith First, and Daniel H. Wells Second Counsellor, and Orson Hyde President of the "Quorum of Twelve Apostles."

The Boston Jubilee is to last eighteen days. The season tickets will be limited to 5000, and are $50 each. The ticket is transferable and entitles the holder to the same seat throughout the entire disturbance.

About 1600 emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine arrived in New York last week. They are all apparently in good circumstances, and are going West.

Hon. Erastus Corning, once a prominent railroad man and politician, died on Monday night, at Albany, New York.

The first husband of Victoria Woodhull, Dr. Joseph Woodhull, died in New York on Sunday night, April 7.

The Queen of England has sent a gold chronometer to Captain Frederick M. Lambert, of the American ship Liverpool, of New York, in recognition of services rendered by him to the master and crew of the British ship Europa, of Glasgow.

Judge Juncken, the President Judge of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, has decided the Local Option Law passed for the borough of Shippensburg to be unconstitutional, and licenses are granted there as if no such law was passed.

Georgia has been visited with extended and very destructive freshets.

The second trial of Mrs. Laura G. Fair, the California murderess, is set down for June 24.

During a thunder storm at Frankfort, Kentucky, on Tuesday, a dwelling was struck by lightning and a child killed, its mother being seriously injured. Several buildings in the vicinity of Boston were struck by lightning on Tuesday night.

The residence of the widow of James Fisk at Boston, was, on Tuesday afternoon, April 9, robbed of jewelry and other valuables to the amount of a thousand dollars.

Edwin Forrest, the actor, is recovering from his illness, which at one time threatened a fatal termination. He was playing an engagement in Boston at the time he was taken sick.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The ancient city of Antioch, in Syria, has been visited by an earthquake, causing a terrible loss of life. A despatch from Constantinople states that one-half of the city was totally destroyed and fifteen hundred persons lost their lives. Great distress prevails in that portion of the city not demolished and the remaining inhabitants are sadly in need of assistance.

Coincident with reports of the occurrence of earthquake shocks in California and Antioch, and with the news of the completion almost of the desolation of the ancient city, we have intelligence that Mount Vesuvius is in violent eruption. A telegram from Rome states that the volcano has sent forth a column of flame which rises to a height of several hundred feet above the mouth of the crater, and that stones, ashes and cinders are driven from the fiery furnace and scattered in dense showers around the summit and sides of the mountain. Nature is evidently busy in her laboratory, and man must await the result of her operations with courage and philosophy.

The Tichborne claimant has been indicted for both forgery and perjury. His trial will take place in the Court of Queen's Bench, London, during next June.

The trial of O'Conner, the young Fenian, who made a foolish assault upon Queen Victoria, has ended. The jury empanneled to inquire into the mental condition of the prisoner, after hearing a number of witnesses, reported that the boy was perfectly sane, and an imprisonment of twelve months at hard labor, in addition to twenty lashes, is the punishment meted out to him for his temerity.

Queen Victoria has returned to England from her visit to Germany.

Mr. John Bright will resume his seat in Parliament in a few days. He will, however, take no active part in public affairs, and has no intention of again entering the Cabinet.

Forty-seven thousand women of Alsace and Lorraine have sent a petition to Prince Bismarck, in which they ask that their fathers and sons may be exempted from service in the German army for a few years.

The order requiring persons to have passports upon entering France has been abolished.

The police authorities of Strasburg have ordered general revaccination on account of the serious spread of small-pox in the city.

The session of the German Parliament was opened on April 8. The Emperor was not present, and the speech from the throne was read by the Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Bismarck.

The admirers of Mazzini in Italy intend to raise a monument to his memory.

☞ A late flood in Oregon drowned one thousand coons.

☞ A Detroit lunatic left his house a year ago and has been travelling about ever since, under the impression that he is somebody else, and yet retaining a peculiar interest in his real self. Now and then he writes to his wife to inquire after her husband, and especially to know "whether he has got over that crazy spell yet."

☞ Aristotle informs us that there is a foolish corner even in the brain of the sage. Is that the reason sage things are considered proper stuffing for goose?

☞ The South Carolina Legislature used up $1600 worth of spittoons last session. 'Tis true 'tis spitty, and pity 'tis 'tis true.

☞ A citizen of Gosport, the other night, mistook his wife's yeast bottle for his favorite "little brown jug," and took a "long pull and a strong pull" therefrom. He is now regarded as a rising man.

☞ Miss Virginia Vaughan, in her lecture on "The Poetry of the Future," announces that "The grand epic of the coming poet will throb with the pulses of the cosmos." Our readers may have forgotten it, but we always said that the grand epic of the coming poet would throb with those things.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ A short time since a woman presented herself at the telegraph office in Bristol, and requested to be telegraphed off, luggage and all, to New York.

☞ The following congratulatory telegram was received from Cincinnati by a wedding party in Nashville: "Congratulations on your nuptials. May your future troubles be only little ones."

☞ Mr. G. H. Lewes tells a story of a gentleman who, under the scissors, said something about his thinning locks being caused by the development of his brains. "Excuse me, sir," remarked the barber, "but you are laboring under a mistake. The brains permeate the skull, and encourage the growth of the hair—that's what they're for, sir."

☞ A New York editor thinks from the manner in which shirts are made in that city there ought to be an inspection of sewing. He says he went to the expense of a new shirt the other day and found himself when he awoke in the morning crawling out between *two of the shortest stitches.*

☞ In an old cemetery in St. Louis is a moss-covered tombstone on which a single hand points heavenward, and beneath in the inscription, "Gone up." That was written before the phrase became slang.

☞ The spectacle of a steamer running to a fire actually frightened a Milwaukee cow to death.

☞ On Saturday, March 30, at about midday, at Mr. Barnum's rink, in New York, a camel was born. At last accounts mother and child were doing well.

☞ A Detroit dying man grasped a watch and held it so firmly, that after death the fingers could not be unclasped, and the watch was buried with him. He must have died of tick doulloureux.

☞ A Western publisher lately gave notice that he intended to spend fifty dollars for "a new head" for his paper. The next day one of his subscribers dropped him the following note:—"Don't do it—better keep the money and buy a new head for the editor."

☞ An editor relates how a colored barber made a dead-head of him. He offered him the usual dime for shaving, when the fellow drew himself up with considerable pomposity, and said:

"I understand dat you is an editor."

"Well, what of it?" said we.

"We neber charge editors nuffin!"

"But, my woolly friend," we continued, "there are a good many editors travelling now-a-days, and such liberality on your part will prove a ruinous business."

"Oh! nebber mind," remarked the barber, "we make it up *off de gemmen.*"

☞ The Great Falls Journal hears of one gentleman who gave up tobacco New Year's day, chewed gum for two weeks, candy for one month, and still fights the world, the flesh, and the devil with a stick of liquorice.

☞ The poet of '74 is again afflicted with the Muse. The following has been tortured out of him:

I'm glad the winter is over,
I'm glad the spring has come,
I won't have any more wood to saw,
All my hard work is done.

Such genius ought to be carefully nurtured.

☞ Montreal has a constable who can arrest a man in nine different languages.

☞ In digging for horse-radish, a Baltimore man found seven thousand dollars in a box.

☞ The latest fish story from the great lakes says that a genuine salt-water shark has been caught at Sandusky, and of course the usual conundrum is propounded as to how it came there. We would suggest two solutions of this problem. This shark must either have originated in the Gulf of Mexico, ascended the Mississippi, and travelled overland to Sandusky, or, as is more probable, he may have hailed from the shores of Labrador, gone up the St. Lawrence, and got around Niagara Falls by the aid and cooperation of the numerous land sharks that do there abound.—*N. Y. Mail.*

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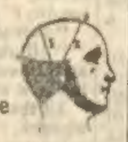

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Yours, respectfully, HENRY BARTON,
64 Nassau street.

A Voice from Pittsburgh, Pa.

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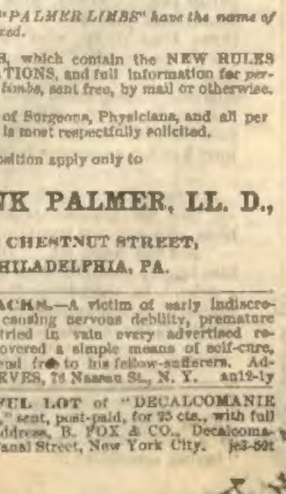

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A PROSPERING BASE-BALL CLUB.

The Cleaveland Leader gets off the following good thing on the Forest City nine of that city:—

"The pitcher for the summer of 1872 has been practicing for several weeks outside of the city limits, and, though not feeling well, can now throw a regulation ball with such swiftness that it cannot be seen unless covered with phosphorus; and often the friction occasioned by its passing through the air causes it to burn to ashes before it reaches the catcher, who only finds a mass of cinders in his hand. The assistant or reserve pitcher has been practicing but a few weeks, but he can throw a ball through eighteen inches of oak plank now; and, if he keeps on, the man on deck will be compelled to encase his stomach in a monitor turret and other armor, or suffer the consequences.

"The catcher has been for three weeks past engaged in breaking up pig-iron at the Newburg rolling-mills, and to still further toughen his hands he allows the big twenty ton trip-hammer to drop on them two hours each day; they are now about the size of a wind-mill, and if a ball gets by him it will be by traversing the atmosphere of an adjoining county. The reader can gamble on this.

"The first baseman is trying the diet system to steady his nerves, and can let a government mule kick him with both feet all day in the abdomen without winking. He will never move his foot from a sandbag unless in the line of his duty, and a runner for the first base may light on him like a night-hawk on a June-bug without making him swerve a hair.

"The second baseman has developed himself more especially for miscellaneous and active service. He can stand on his head, catch a ball with his feet, reverse his position and knock a grasshopper off from a mullen stalk at eighty rods, nine times out of ten. There will be no use in a runner trying to dodge him, for he has globe sights on his nose, and can plumb a man in the hull or rigging just as he chooses.

"The short stop is probably the best man for this position that can be found this side of the Suez Canal. He is short himself, and has lived on pie-crust all winter, can turn thirteen somersaults without spitting on his hands, and catch a ball with equal facility in either hand or his teeth.

"The third baseman has been making sourcrout and riding a velocipede all winter, to develop the muscle of his lower limbs, which are immense, and give him the appearance of being troubled with elephantiasis. But don't fool yourself, he can run down a giraffe in three minutes, and can bat a ball so far that his oppotents never think of chasing them the same day they are hit, but proceed with a new ball.

"The three fielders have been frisking about in the country all winter, and drinking angleworm oil to give suppleness to their limbs. They go on all fours faster than many professionals can run, and are so limber that circus-men die off like sheep after seeing them perform once.

"In fact we may well be proud of our club for the present year, and if there is any organization in the country that thinks it can compete with them, let them draw on us at six months' sight through the United States Treasury Department, (or sooner if they get a sight of us,) stating how many dollars' worth of confidence they feel in their favorite club.

"We do not forget our club manager, who is all that a father could be to the boys, and who does much more than his name would indicate to make the season and its matches successful. The scorer for the present year has been selected as the champion whittler of the state. He has purchased a bran new jacknife, two thousand shingles, and will keep his notches on the double-entry plan, *i. e.*, one entry for the other side and two cuts for his own."

CURIOUS METHOD OF ATTACKING A HEN.

Did you ever see a woman throw a stone at a hen? It is one of the most ludicrous scenes in everyday life. We recently observed the process—indeed, we paid more attention than the hen did, for she did not mind it at all, and laid an egg the next day as if nothing had happened. In fact that hen will know for the first time that she served in the capacity of a target. The predatory fowl had invaded the precincts of the flower bed, and was industriously pecking and scratching for the nutritious seed or the early worm, blissfully unconscious of impending danger. The lady now appears on the scene with a broom. This she drops, and picks up a rocky fragment of the Silurian age, and then makes her first mistake—"they all do it"—of seizing the projectile with the wrong hand. Then with malice aforethought, she makes the further blunder of swinging her arms perpendicularly in stead of horizontally—thereupon the stone flies into the air, describing an irregular elliptical curve, and strikes the surface of the earth as far from the hen as the thrower stood at the time in a course due west from the same, the hen then bearing the compass N. N. E. by E. half East. At the second attempt the stone narrowly missed the head of the thrower herself, who, seeing that any further attempt of the kind would be suicidal, does what she might have done first, starts after the hen with an old and familiar weapon. The moral of which is "stick to the broomstick."

COMPANIONS IN MISERY.

President Hopkins, of Williams College, is thoroughly good and greatly loved, and he is a stately and dignified old gentleman withal. All these excellent qualities added a quaint effect of contrast to the suddenness of the following answer which the worthy President once received, and which illustrates the principle that "ridicule is the test of truth." In the railroad cars one day the President descried one of his students, a youth of regrettable habits in point of dissipation, and wearing at that moment the haggard and dishevelled looks of one not yet over the effects of a hard debauch. Stepping up to the young man, looking him sternly yet sadly in the face, the President said, in a deep and impressive tone—

"Been on a drunk!"

"So have I," was the answer.

AUNT HETTY'S CAT.—Hal, a medical student, calling on Aunt Hetty, presumes to offer a proposition for the feline lying on the parlor rug. "Aunty, give me that cat for anatomical purposes." "Yes, indeed," returns Aunt Hetty, who pets and worships her young doctor, "I'll run and fetch a covered basket." But from the door of the apartment she glances back, hesitating, with "Anna Tom—who did you say? What do you want the cat for? 'Taint anything will hurt her for a mouser, is it?"

SCENE IN PHYSIC'S RECITATION. Instructor—"Did the mathematical part of this problem give you any trouble, R. C.?" Student—"Not the least, sir." Instructor admires him hugely; and the student afterwards tells a friend in confidence that he don't know what difficulties might have arisen if he had looked at the lesson.—*Advocate.*

WHEN a steady, well-behaved young man is seen shaking hands with a pump, and bidding it an affectionate good night, or saying, "Poor old Corbison Robscrew," there may be a faint apprehension that he has been "taking something."

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 22.

BORDER LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

Jason Randall had pushed out quite beyond the outermost settlements, and with what capital several disastrous failures in the East had left him, had hoped to repair his fortunes in the far West. The treachery of his kind had soured his nature, and made him distrustful of all or any overtures of friendship. He had bought a tract of government land sufficiently large to be the site of a future township, but his avowed object in buying so large a portion was to keep all other human habitations out of sight; in the first fury of his ire resolving to neither sell nor let a foot of his land to friend nor foe. Here the quails should run and whistle undisturbed, and the wild turkey cluck and strut unmolested. But there were other people as energetic and fearless as himself, for if they could not buy of him land whereon to settle, they could push out still beyond him, on to the broad plains trodden only by the wild buffaloes and wilder, fiercer red men. After several years of farming upon his new purchase, Jason removed from his rough log cabin into a frame house, the lumber for which he had gradually collected, and being a natural mechanic, he with the aid of his boys had erected in good shape a substantial homestead.

In the midst of this prosperity the border difficulties began in earnest. Many of the hardy pioneers of the plains thought discretion the better part of valor, and abandoned their sites to seek the security of the settlements, for the Indians, incited and too often led on by the bad white renegades and the bad whisky provided them through the same lawless agency, opened a bloody warfare in their own peculiar demoniac style.

"But," said the hardy veteran Randall, "I won't leave here—this new home, this freedom from mixing with those who in a different guise are as bloody robbers as these free riders of the prairie;" and he brought his fist down with the force of a sledge hammer. "I am happier here, have more soul freedom than I have known for twenty-five years, and if the worst comes, I'll fight like a tiger. What say, boys?"

Daniel, the elder boy, reached across the table and seized his father's hand, which he swung up and down in token of agreement. This young fellow of twenty saw with a prophet's eye what the future of those fertile plains was to be—saw how the tide of immigration would overflow more eastern latitudes, and surging up to and beyond their present locality, would fill their coffers with wealth. Besides, he gloried with a hunter's pride in the scope which the broad plains gave his keen, trained eye.

Amos, a lad of sixteen, well and strong, was just at that age to imagine a life of wild adventure must of necessity end in world-wide fame; so, if his voice had been asked to decide in the momentous subject, he doubtless would have thrown up his cap and hurrahed for life on the rolling plain.

With Mrs. Randall and her daughter, just budding into womanhood, the matter appeared quite differently. The matron was in delicate health, and from the first removal to the plains had suffered much in the sundering of near and dear ties of friendship and kindred. To her the rapidly increasing perils of their isolated condition bore the gravest aspect—women suffer so in their passive fears for the welfare of their loved ones.

Repeated distressing, disturbing rumors of outrages farther to the southward reached the ears of the Randalls. Gradually these maranding and murderous attacks neared their locality. They kept the fearful details from the women, and girt up their loins for what they felt must come. So time rolled about, and brought one of the loveliest days that bless the earth. The sun, falling slightly towards the Southern pole, was shorn of its fervid mid-summer rays. Acres of flowers rolled in the gentle breeze like variegated billows, northward, swept over by a fitful southern breeze. A gossamer purplish mist melted earth and air together in the far distance, and seemingly just veiled the prying eye from gazing into Heaven.

But a short distance easterly from a belt of cottonwood and other trees that outlined the course of a fork of the river, and not many yards from the buildings, the elder Randall persistently drove his rabbit plane over the boards, that emitted a faint, pleasing perfume. His bench was erected outside, there being no convenient place within doors, and with his grizzled head bare and his sleeves rolled above the elbows, he worked away persistently in getting out the finish for his house. Was he as careless as he seemed? That were impossible to tell; but from his door-yard, the evening before, he had watched, with a lowering brow, a ruddy glow showing against the southern sky. His boy Daniel had stood beside him, and each one felt the blood rush with greater rapidity through his veins. The demons were advancing.

Steadily Randall planed on until nearly night, then he observed—

"Boys, there is a storm and perhaps a high wind in yonder bank of clouds, and a wind will scatter my shavings broadcast. Cut and drag up a lot of willow branches, and pile upon this heap," adding something which was only half understood by his two boys, who sprang to the task.

"Eh!" ejaculated the old man, as he finished his evening meal and looked from the door. "Something is up—look yonder."

Three figures could be plainly discerned, riding forward rapidly towards the homestead of the Randalls.

Jason, for all his distrust of the world and his misanthropic views, in this time of peril felt his heart moved towards those in distress. He therefore hastened out to meet the approaching party.

"Where bound?" challenged the old man, as they came up.

"We have started for the fort," said the man, "but the terror and hard riding have used up the women-folks, and I am at a loss what to do."

"You certainly needn't push forward with a hope of safety," said Randall, "for Daniel, coming in from a scouting expedition half an hour ago, reports a party of renegades and Apaches strung up along the forks to cut off the settlers' retreat to the fort."

The new-comer's face blanched.

"My wife and child—what are we to do?"

"The same as any animal hunted and holed—turn and fight. I had a plan that when danger got too near I'd just get my wife and girl safely into the settlement, and then come out here and have a shooting match, blast 'em! but they've played the best hand this time, and we have got to show them our teeth. Dismount and come in. You're up from the Little C——, I take it?"

He received an affirmative answer, and

"You think that there is danger in attempting to push on towards the fort?" was the eager question.

"Danger? We're completely cut off as it were."

The new-comer groaned aloud.

"That won't do," said Randall, bluntly. "If you have any more such noises cork them up, as they have an amazing effect upon the spirits of the listener. As for myself if I had known how things were likely to turn up, I would have had my women in to the fort, but here they are, and the best that we can do is to shelter them behind our bodies—you understand."

It was impossible for Dowell, the new-comer, *not* to understand; and not to feel the spirit that stirred the old man's breast light up a new fire in his own.

While they were yet talking, two horsemen coming at a furious gallop, drew rein near the speakers.

"We're in for it, Randall," called out the young fellow with the yellow curly hair, speaking to Daniel. "There's a score of red devils heading this way fresh from the capture of a mule train. Poor Ben Durgan has to foot up his ledger above this time."

All were startled at the intelligence, as Ben was well known to all the pioneers as a scout and guide and border hero.

"If," said old Randall, "I am sent to foot up my accounts in the other world I shall certainly score off some numbers here first; but, boys, come in and have a meal. Quite a garrison," continued the old fellow with a chuckle. "I calculate before they get through we'll give some of them a spinal difficulty."

The two hunters ate not their supper with the relish that they had often times felt when sitting at the hospitable board of the pioneer, for however stern and heedless the nature may be, there are times when probabilities and possibilities nudge the elbow with shocking familiarity. Who knew what the next few hours might have in store for the party?

The bank of clouds rolled steadily upward, shutting the western evening light away and bringing rapid darkness. Ere the gloom had deepened into night everything was housed and guarded as securely as possible.

"Now, then, about the horses; is it dark enough to stampede them off to the little Cottonwood hollow? I don't believe the sharp-nosed varmints will scent them out there—what say, Amos?"

The boy of sixteen came readily to his feet, and settled his cap upon his head.

"I don't think, father, that Amos had better go. He can do as much good here; and, perhaps, I could effect your plan with more caution and safety."

"Just as you think, but if the attack is begun when you return, keep in the ravine to escape the careless bullets that do not mind friend or foe."

"Aye, aye," returned the brave fellow, strapping his rifle to his shoulder and striding towards the stables, not without a cheerful word to mother and Dolly and the others.

A few moments after there came a trampling rush by the house, and Dolly, peering from the window, could make out the flowing tails of the two white horses as they sped along obedient to their master's call.

As night and the sullen, silent darkness shut fairly down upon the scene, a stillness as of death fell upon the homestead of the pioneer. The windows were heavily shuttered; no light, no sound audible to ears without; but there was no doubt but that the torture of fear and suspense was finding utterance in the low sobs of the women, drawn together in a corner and holding by each other's hands in mute sympathy with each other's unspoken emotions.

But wary eyes strained in the darkness, looked from crevices left open under the eaves; wary ears turned listening at the loop-holes. Night wore on. No sound; but an eye keen as a lynx looking steadily forth, and there came an ejaculation deep down in the throat of the sentinel, more like the death-rattle than any other sound. The fixed eye used to the darkness, saw a form steal past an opening from a low ridge of brush on one side, to the belt of willow and cottonwood on the other. Another black spectre and another.

"They're coming," whispered young Amos, whose eye was at the aperture. "They're going to keep to the belt of trees and wind around to the rear.

"Ha!" aspirated Randall, moving cautiously in his stockinged feet, "wait their movements. Dowell, you and Amos keep to the front. Dicky and Farnham keep to the loop-holes towards the cottonwood belt, and I will watch in the rear. They'll not get around to the south side, as there is no covert. Dolly, is the amunition piled up handily?"

"Just as you ordered."

"All right, my girl. You and mother, and Dowell's wife and child, crouch below the level of the window-sills.

All this was uttered in a quick suppressed whisper.

By the time it was concluded, a simultaneous yell from two directions burst upon the shrinking ears of the listeners. It was answered by one short, deep utterance from the different loop-holes. Just one yell like an echo of the first followed. Then the profoundest silence fell—deep, ominous. The pioneers, well versed in Indian tactics, knew that it was but a lull in the tempest.

The watchful eyes still kept unwavering vigil. The continued silence was foreboding. It was broken at length by Dolly Randall, exclaiming in a clear, startled whisper—

"Father, I smell smoke."

"Smoke, eh?" aspirated the old veteran. "How's that? They dare not fire my shaving pile, for the wind is contrary and the blaze would light up their retreat."

Dolly moved cautiously about the room sniffing at the different shutters. Noiselessly she stole back to her father.

"It is on the south side."

"The vipers! They have crawled below our range of vision. What's to be done?"

"I am agoing to throw open the shutter, and dash the buckets of water upon the heap; oh, father, I must; for I can see the light of the kindling blaze."

"Why, girl, it is death."

"Death for me, perhaps, but death for us all, if it is let alone a moment more. Father, I must!"

With this, the brave girl drove up the bolt and swung open the shutter, while the gray-haired old man held sight on the aperture with his doubled-barrel musket. She threw herself flat upon the sill, with a bucket of water in her hand, which she showered upon the small cone-like heap of blazing faggots. A tufted head and square face, blotched with vermillion, sprang up not three feet from her—but—

"Hold steady, my girl," said the deep, heavy voice of the old man, as he rested the barrel of his gun upon her shoulder. The swinging tomahawk sliced her arm and buried itself in the window-sill, while with a back sommersault the red-skin tumbled into his "happy hunting ground—over there."

But the blaze of the firearm had exposed them, and as Randall drew his stunned and half-unconscious daughter within and seized the iron-banded shutter, a volley of bullets came crashing against the side of the house.

"They are out from the covert of the wood, father," said young Amos, and now is the time to light up the scene. Be ready to take them on the wing as they dash for the covert again. They are stealthily advancing to fire the buildings on two sides."

In half a moment the boy's plan was explained, and accepted as good. Then there was a rapid drawing up into position, the reloaded and spare rifles were stood close by, and ascending the stairs to the roof, Amos noiselessly slid open a small skylight aperture, and affixing a proper kind of an arrow to his ashen bow, he lighted its splintered and resined end, and with his unerring aim he shot it, like a low-flying meteor of Heaven, into the huge pile of shavings that had been accumulating through the summer. In an instant almost the space about the buildings was brilliantly illuminated, and the cowardly miscreants so unexpectedly exposed to view, dashed for the wood, receiving in the flight the well-directed charge of the pioneers. The aim was true and vengeful. Three of the fiends measured their hideous length upon the sward.

The incendiary fire smouldering away under the damp top, again began to blaze of its own accord, but Dowell fortunately discovered it in season, and with the remaining bucket of water and some thick quilts stifled its ardor. But the blazing shavings had been only of momentary benefit, the flames, the light now hugging close to the sward, and as total darkness as before would soon envelop them, when the attack would be renewed as it was yet some two hours to daylight. The light had also revealed the miscreants in sufficient numbers to literally eat up the few hardy settlers that opposed them.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, the silent air was rent in twain by the most prolonged, diabolical yell that ever greeted mortal ears. The cry sent echoes reeling in zigzag courses up ravines and over the rolling prairie in search of some obstacle on which to split their heads.

"Heaven save him and us!" said the old man Randall. "That's Daniel, ventured back into their very midst. He must be mad."

But wait one moment. That awful, awful yell was instantly followed by a chorus of cries, in every conceivable tone of voice, and with a vigor found only on the border.

More than a score of trusty rifles joined their voices in the attack. Those garrisoned in the house now suspended fire, lest they might wound their rescuers.

For the space of twenty minutes the darkness outside was traversed by streams of spouting fire; the stillness of night crossed and recrossed by wild yells and howls of pain; then the route was complete. The assailants were driven before the victors along the fork, but they understood skulking too well to be captured on the retreat.

We only need say in explanation, that Daniel dashing along with his horses had no sooner tethered them in the dense coppice of the hollow near the spring; than he put spurs to his steed, resolved to dash through ranks of foes, and make an outpost so as to secure succor for his friends.

Fortunately he dashed upon a squad of United States soldiers who had been on a chase after a band of predatory Apaches that had ventured in too near the fort.

Two brave boys were slain in the conflict, besides a dozen that were wounded, while seven of the fiendish assailants lay still and stiff upon the sward in the morning. Three of these, alas! that it should be told, were white ruffians—no doubt the sole instigators of the barbarity—in the disguise of their savage allies. Dolly Randall's symmetrical arm shows above the elbow the disfiguring tattoo of the red demon's tomahawk, but we shall see her again, and will not say adieu.

ITEM WANTED.—An exchange says: "Will some one please send us that item about the Wisconsin girl who plows and harrows and plants forty-five acres of land with her own hands? We cannot realize that it is spring-time till we've read that item. We haven't missed it for ten years."

☞ "A millionaire is worth about two tons of gold." Now we are sure that we are not one of those things.—*Norristown Herald.*

AT THE BOAT RACE.

YOUNG SNOB.—Yaas—grand sight—like to see fellers exert themselves—wonder how they do it.

Answers to Correspondents.

CALLA (Philadelphia) writes: "Can you give me some information about the culture of the Calla Lily? I have tried for several seasons to persuade mine to bloom, but without success. You will greatly oblige me if you can tell me any way by which I can force it; and also what is the proper way to keep the bulb through the summer. 2d. Which were the Four Universal Monarchies—and who were their founders? 3d. In entering a place of amusement or church, is it not proper for the gentleman to precede the lady until they reach their seats? I will be greatly obliged if you will answer these questions soon." A good plan with the Calla Lily is to substitute fresh earth for the old, and place luke-warm water in the saucer in which the flower-pot sits. After the plants have bloomed lay the pots upon their sides. We are not aware that any governments are known as Universal Monarchies. Those referred to are probably the Persian Monarchy, established by Cyrus; the Macedonian, by Alexander; the Roman, by the Latin race; and for the fourth, perhaps that of Charlemagne, perhaps the Saracen, perhaps the Tartar empires. 3d. The gentleman should precede.

W. (Philadelphia) writes: "I have been acquainted with a young lady here in the city, whose father is in the wholesale dry goods business, and getting along very well. She is quite stylish, and is of very respectable parents, rather domestic. I am a young physician. My collections amount to from ten to eleven hundred a year. I would like to marry this young lady, whom I think loves me. But I cannot tell how to get along, as it takes all I can collect to pay my way; or, at least, I use it in some way. I have been buying furniture for my office, and books, and have to clothe myself, pay rent for house, and gas, &c. I hope you may give me some information." We do not see exactly how we can aid you in the matter. You had better trust time, industry, and perseverance in your profession to increase your means. By that time you may have your furniture and such incidentals all paid for, and have learned to husband your resources. When arrived at that stage you may marry the lady—if she will have you. We do not think it would be considered bigamy for you to husband your resources and the young lady at the same time. Meanwhile there would be no harm done in telling her of your affection, particularly if you will be honest enough to tell her the true state of the case before forming an engagement.

M. (Covington, Ky.) writes: "Will you confer a favor on one of the readers of the Post by informing me of the tendency of lunar caustic, and if what I use it for will be perfectly harmless, injuring neither mind nor body? Prescription.—To one drachm of lunar caustic add enough of aqua ammonia to dissolve the caustic; then add (something which we cannot read. Correspondents should write proper names plainly). You will much oblige by informing me if using it on the hair is injurious in any way? Also, if you know of any perfect remedy for sea-sickness?" It will not be harmless, and may injure both mind and body. There is danger of its very seriously affecting the brain. Leave nature's dye on your hair; it is the safest. We know of but one sure remedy for sea-sickness, which is, to keep on shore.

P. J. O. (Eastmisco) writes: "This is the first time that I have ever written to the press. My age is fifteen years, but I have been able, in the few years' time that I have gone to a country school, to master Brooks's Written and Mental Arithmetic, Greenleaf's Common School and National Arithmetic, and the greater part of algebra and mensuration, and have acquired an almost thorough knowledge of the other common school branches. My parents being poor, I have been obliged to work at the coal mines during the warm season of each year since I was nine years of age. What do you think of my progress? Please answer the following: Do authors send their manuscript to press written in phonography? (I am pretty well acquainted with it.) Can you give me a cure for stammering? If you can, do, and oblige." The answers you send to enigmas and problems are correct. You appear to have made good use of your time at school, and to have mastered the rudiments of an education, if we can take your word for it. But don't imagine, as we fear you do, that you know about all that is worth knowing. Continue your studies, and you will soon begin to learn how much there is to learn, before one can be called educated. Articles written in phonography could not be read. We know no absolute cure for stammering, though speaking slowly and deliberately, after inhaling a full breath, will often mitigate the complaint. And do not get excited in conversation—never discuss.

GREEN HOOSIER (Petersburg, Ind.) asks: "1st. What is the book called Euclid? Is it an English or a Greek work? 2d. What does euchre mean? This may seem rather green, but I don't believe the persons that use it know what it means. 3d. When was the empire of Russia founded, and by what nation? 4th. Are the inhabitants of China educated according to our standard." Euclid was a Greek mathematician, born in Alexandria, about 300 B. C. His work is a treatise on geometry. Euchre is a French word, though the game is German. It has probably the meaning given it in the game, to overcome, or get the best of a person. The empire of Russia was founded by Rurik, a Norman adventurer, about the year 862. The education of the Chinese is very different from ours, and is far below our standard.

PHIL. (Hamilton, Me.) asks: "In your opinion, what are the duties of the assistant book-keeper in a commercial establishment?" That depends entirely on the nature and extent of the business. It is very probable that the employer will have a clear idea of what he engaged his clerk for, and the latter can best arrive at a knowledge of his duties by obeying directions; and he will find it to his advantage not to be too ready to imagine that he is imposed upon.

CONSTANT READER (Phila.) writes: "Will you have the kindness to inform me whether Longfellow, the poet, is still living? If not, where did he die, and when? These questions were asked me by a friend living on the other side of the Atlantic, with whom I correspond, and being unable to answer them, I thought of asking you." He is still living, and resides at Cambridge, Mass. He has just given a proof of his vitality by the publication of a long poem, based upon incidents in the life of Christ.

MRS. J. S. writes: A few questions for the Poet, and though such questions may seem trifling, we are taught that life is made up of trifles, and we are not to despise them. 1st. The boulders scattered over the surface of our country, how came they there? 2d. Silver spoons, on being put into cooked eggs or cabbage (how very commonplace), become tarnished, dark rings and spots forming on them. Why is it? No other food, that I know of, affects their color. 3d. During the winter I had two sprays of the vine called Wandering Jew, growing in a bottle of water. One of them was killed by the frost, the other remaining beautifully alive. Can you account for it? 4th. Is it proper for a gentleman to use a colored silk handkerchief at church or other public places? I do not think it looks nice, and would like your opinion. 5th. Are soda and bi-carbonate of soda the same? 6th. When a woman knows she has the right idea of a subject, may she dispute her husband's opinion, and how often? Please excuse me for intruding at such length, and accept thanks for answers to the questions sent in December." 1st. The boulders are supposed to have been carried to their present positions by the movements of vast glaciers, which covered the whole northern surface of the country during the last geological epoch. 2d. The discoloration of silver is caused by sulphur, which occurs in these two articles of food. 3d. One plant had more vital vigor than the other. Plants are like men in this respect, and what will kill one may strengthen another. 4th. There is nothing improper in it, though it is not customary. 5th. They are not the same. Soda is the oxide of sodium—bi-carbonate of soda a combination of carbonic acid and soda. 6th. It is best never to "dispute." It is sufficient to state your views calmly and pleasantly, and then drop the subject.

P. A. T. (Philada.) asks: "Is sixteen too young to be engaged?" And is green tarletan too conspicuous for the street?" We must answer yes, to both questions.

D. J. C. (Carbondale, Tenn.,) asks: "1st. Does oxide have an injurious effect on the person under its influence for painless extraction of the teeth? 2d. Is —— who advertises fancy poultry a responsible party? 3d. Will there be an Indian tale in the Post soon? 4th. Is it proper for a young man to write to a young lady whose acquaintance he has formed before asking the young lady or her parents' permission to do so?" Nitrous oxide gas varies in its effects, and to decide whether it would prove injurious in any special case it would be necessary to consult a physician. In reply to your second question, we cannot vouch for the responsibility of any party. 3d. We answered the same question last week, but cannot speak positively just at present. 4th. It depends very much on the degree of acquaintance, and on the character of the letters. While some subjects might be considered perfectly proper, others would be very objectionable. If in doubt you had better settle the matter by asking permission.

C. E. S. (Renaselaer, Ind.,) writes: "Please inform me through the Post what I shall tell my neighbors, who borrow my papers and never return them. What is meant by paying royalty? Is Flora Temple dead? Should a gentleman offer his left or right arm to a lady for a walk? Where can I get a book with instructions for handling bees?" Tell them that you are glad to find that they appreciate THE POST, and give them full directions how to subscribe for it, adding that it is inconvenient for you to spare yours. To pay a royalty means to pay a certain sum for the use of a patented or other article. We have seen no obituary of the equine lady in question, and believe that Flora still lives. The general rule is to give a lady the wall, when setting out, offering right or left arm as the occasion requires. Any bookseller can procure you such a work.

MRS. G. W. S., (New Orleans, Louisiana,) writes: I wish to subscribe to a paper suitable for a youth of seventeen years of age. I would like a weekly filled with articles of useful information and moral stories. Is there such a one edited by T. S. Arthur, and if so, please direct me where to find it, or else advise me with regard to some other one which you would recommend? The most of the papers for young persons which I have seen are entirely too childish to answer my wishes, and those for adults are filled chiefly with love stories, to suit their taste of course, but which I do not think improving to youth. The lad in question has been used to reading history, biography and such like subjects. Any advice from you will be most thankfully received by one of your old subscribers." We do not know of any weekly covering the ground you wish. Publishers have to consult the tastes of their readers, and the readers of newspapers seek amusement rather than instruction. Hence such a paper would probably die of inanition—of the treasury. We would advise you to try the Post, as one approaching your standard, but perceive that you have already done your duty in this particular. We should think it advisable for the youth to apply to books for more solid reading.

☞A. C. L., (Princess Anne, Md.) We think it wisest not to intertere with the business delays of other publishers. If they do not treat you fairly, have nothing more to do with them.

HELEN VINE. Your poem is respectfully declined. [Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's a thing you've often heard,
My second is a river's name,
My third's a merry little bird,
My fourth is often found in flame.
My fifth's as cold as vault or grave,
My sixth was "bravest of the brave."

Take the initials—join them right,
A great philosopher they'll name;
Then take the finals, and you'll sight
The race from whence he came.

Stillwater, Minn. GAHMEW.

BURIED PLACES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. He succeeded only by main effort and strength of will.
2. He reached it with a ten-foot pole.
3. My book is new, have nothing else.
4. Rome, on the Tiber, Geneva, in Switzerland, are noted places.
5. "Man's work is from sun to sun."
6. Only on Sunday she ventures out.
7. Revel beneath her glorious smiles.
8. Hard water for dirty hands will never do.
9. He had for sale many precious jewels.
10. You always do very well.

MARY V. LEECH.

METAGRAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of four letters, and am crooked.

Change my first, and I am a small piece of money.

Change it again, and I am a hollow.

Change it again, and I am a time of fasting.

Change it again, and I am closely confined.

Change it again, and I am a fissure.

Change it again, and I am a portable lodge.

Change it again, and I am to let out.

ERL.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman purchases a farm for $10,000, which he sells after a certain number of years for $14,071, making on the investment 5 per cent. compound interest. He now invests his money in a perpetuity, which is in reversion 11 years from the date of purchasing the farm. Allowing 6 per cent. compound interest for the use of money, what is the annuity, and how long did he own the farm?

W. H. MORROW.

Manor Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a young goat asleep like a dangerous member of society? Because he's a *kid*-napper.

☞ When is the marriage ceremony decidedly fishy? When the bride receives her ring (*herring*!)

HEN CONUNDRUMS.—Why is a hen on a fence like a cent? Head on one side, tail on the other.

☞ Why is a chicken just hatched like a cow's tail? Never seen before.

☞ If a ship-captain had no eggs, what would he do? Lay to (two.)

ANSWERS TO LAST.

CHARADE.—Door-plate.

BURIED RIVERS.—

1. Seine	9. Trent
2. Elbe	10. Save
3. Loire	11. Ebro
4. Delaware	12. Minho
5. Rhone	13. Ganges
6. Severn	14. Don
7. Thames	15. Ural
8. Shannon	16. Wye

WORD SQUARE—

B U R S T
U N I T E
R I G O R
S T O R M
T E R M S

RECEIPTS.

TO BOIL FRESH SALMON.—Salmon should be plunged in boiling water; the water should be put in the kettle, allowing a handful of salt to four quarts of water; let the water boil until all the scum, arising from the mixture of the salt with the water, has been removed, before putting in the fish. Salmon should be dressed as soon as taken from the water to be perfect, the flesh becoming soft very soon. The German method of treating fish, besides being less cruel, renders the fish firmer. As soon as caught, instead of leaving the poor fish to struggle and die by inches, they take it by the tail and knock it on the head, killing it instantly. It is said, fish treated thus, remain firm longer than those that die a lingering death.

A salmon should be of a bright color, scales clear, eyes bright, and gills very red. Allow, in boiling, a quarter of an hour to every pound of fish; serve with drawn butter, or simply cover it with sweet butter; serve for vegetables, mashed potatoes, and cucumbers sliced in vinegar, or for a dinner party, the cucumbers only. Cook in the same manner the salmon trout from the upper lakes. When Salmon are transported, pack them in ice as soon as out of the water, killing them after the German method.

HOMINY.—It has one great fault—it is cheap! It costs by the bag six cents a pound, and I do not know where else the same amount of food can be had for the money. The samp is soaked for a day, and then cooked in a farina-boiler for some hours, or until quite soft. Served hot, dressed with butter, etc., like potatoes, it is fine at breakfast or dinner. Put when hot into a bowl or other mould, and allowed to cool, it may be turned out like blanc-mange, and like that eaten with sugar and cream. If it were only fifty cents a pound, how popular it would be!

PARSNIP FRITTERS.—Boil the parsnips in salted water, so as to flavor them through. Make a light batter, cut them round, and dip them into the batter. Have ready hot lard, take them up with a tablespoon, and drop them in while the lard is boiling. When they rise to the surface turn them; when browned on both sides take them out. Let them drain, and set them in the oven to keep hot. Serve with broiled, fried, or roast meats or fowls.

POTATOES A LA CREME.—*A Breakfast Dish.*—Put into a saucepan three tablespoonfuls of butter, a small handful of parsley chopped small, and pepper to taste. Stir up well until hot, add a small teacupful of cream or rich milk, thicken with two teaspoonfuls of flour, and stir until it boils. Chop some cold boiled potatoes, put into the mixture, and boil up once before serving.

BRIDE'S CAKE.—Mix in half a pound of corn starch half a teaspoon of soda and one of cream of tartar, pass it through a fine sieve, stir until light half a pound of best powdered loaf sugar, with a quarter of a pound of sweet butter, beat the whites of eight eggs stiff, add them to the butter and sugar, mix in the starch the soda and tartar, and flavor with vanilla and bitter almond, and bake quickly.